

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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1000-MILE WALK TO CIVILISATION

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A NATION'S GOOD DEEDS

HOLLAND GIVES TWO BITS OF HERSELF AWAY

The Old Cabin of a Tsar and
the Tomb of an Educator

PETER AND COMENIUS

It was one of our statesmen who set
our people singing long ago

*In matters of commerce the fault of the Dutch
is giving too little and asking too much.*

But Holland can give generously and
she has another good deed to her credit
as the old year closes.

More than half a century ago she gave
a hut and the land on which it stands to
be for ever Russia, and now she has
given a church and its grounds to be
for ever Czecho-Slovakia. It would
have taken many armies and navies to
make her surrender either unwillingly.

The Little Wooden Hut

The hut is Tsar Peter House, a little
wooden building at Zaandam, a tiny
town near Amsterdam. There, in 1697,
Peter the Great of Russia lived and
worked while studying paper-making
and shipbuilding in order that he might
carry those industries back to St.
Petersburg, which he was building.
Under the name of Peter Michaelof he
toiled as an ordinary workman until his
disguise was penetrated and crowds
flocking about him drove him away.

Last century Holland presented the
building and its site to the Tsar, and
in 1895 the Tsar raised a building of brick
over the wooden house.

A good many years before Peter
reached Holland a greater than he made
the land of the Dutch his home. This
man was Johann Amos Comenius, the
famous scholar-teacher of Bohemia.
Born in 1592, he became a Protestant
pastor and teacher. With an extra-
ordinary capacity for languages he
combined a unique gift for teaching.
He wrote a book explaining his system
of language teaching, a book so novel
and valuable that it was at once
translated into many tongues.

What England Missed

So great was his fame that when 49
years of age he was invited by the
liberal spirits of England to settle in our
midst and model a system of national
education for us. He would have
accepted the invitation, and the results
must have been highly important to us;
but the Civil War broke out and he was
prevented from coming. He went to
Sweden instead, and gave her a national
system of schools and education.

Towards the end of his life he went to
Holland, and died there in 1671. He
was buried at Naarden, and now Czecho-
Slovakia desires to remove his remains.
To that Holland will not consent, but
she has given Czecho-Slovakia for ever
the church in which Comenius lies.

The Land of Make-Believe



The Fairy Queens are very busy just now. This picture shows some pantomime performers
at a London dancing-school rehearsing for their appearance on Boxing Day.

A HYMN OF PRAISE TO LOUIS BRAILLE

BLIND people in every land are this
year raising a Hymn of Praise to
Louis Braille, the blind Frenchman who,
a century ago, invented an alphabet that
can be read by touch.

Books in this kind of type are printed in
great numbers by the National Institute
for the Blind, and by their help blind
boys and girls can now go in imagination
to see Robinson Crusoe on his island
or wander with Alice in Wonderland.

As a child Louis Braille had normal
sight, and he was as full of mischief
as any child. One day he entered his
father's workshop, took up a sharp
tool, and chopped at a piece of wood.
Then the tool slipped, his eye was
pierced, and Louis became blind.

It must have been a sad day for the
parents when they realised that their
boy would never see again. But, if they
had been able to look ahead, they might
have found some comfort in the thought
that this terrible accident, which plunged

their child into life-long darkness, would
be the means of giving light to genera-
tions of blind people.

Louis was sent to the School for the
Blind in Paris, and there he appears
to have worked cheerfully and well.
He became a brilliant scholar and a
splendid musician. But all his spare time
was devoted to the task of finding a
system by which the blind could read
and write. Year after year he went on
with his search, and at last, in 1829, his
toil was rewarded.

First of all he set down six dots in the
manner of the six dots on a domino.
By removing one or more of these, he
found that he could make 63 combina-
tions, enough to give him all the letters
of an alphabet, besides necessary stops,
signs, and contractions. He applied the
same system to music, with equally
successful results, and it is by means of
such dots that blind musicians are able
to read music.

THE LOST WAGES HOW THEY WENT ACROSS THE EARTH

A Little Surprise Packet in a
Tin of Apricots

ALL ENDS WELL

It was an unhappy evening for an
Australian girl working in the fruit-
preserving factory at Mooroopua, in
Australia, a few months ago, when she
found that she had lost her week's
wages. She had put them for safety
in an empty tin, forgotten it, and later
in the day found that the tin was gone.

The conclusion she arrived at was
that the money had not been noticed,
and that the tin had been filled with
apricots in the usual way and
dispatched from the factory. She was
so distressed at this really serious loss
that her fellow workers clubbed together
to raise a small fund for her. An
Australian newspaper, commenting on
the occurrence, remarked that "some
day someone will open a tin of apricots
and think she has struck a gold mine."

A Discovery at Bath

A week or two ago a resident in Bath
went out to do her shopping, and among
other things she required was a tin of
apricots. She bought a tin, and the
following day she opened it. She
thought the syrup rather a curious
colour, and on looking more closely at
the contents of the tin she saw to her
great surprise a paper packet tucked in
between the apricots. The mysterious
packet proved to be an Australian
Savings Bank envelope, sealed.

She tore the packet open and found
that it contained two Pound Notes, one
Ten Shilling Note, two florins and a
threepenny-bit, all in Australian cur-
rency. We can imagine her astonishment
at such a discovery in a tin of apricots.
The lady went in search of her husband,
and he took the money to the nearest
exchange bureau, where it was pro-
nounced to be good Australian money.

One can picture the girls in the
factory crowding round their friend to
discuss this strange journey of a week's
wages to the opposite side of the world
when it comes to their knowledge, as
now it certainly will.

£50 A BUNCH

Ticket clipped, luggage registered,
porter paid, corner seat secured, the
passenger bound for the East sank back
in the 11 a.m. boat train from Victoria,
satisfied that all was well.

His passport? Yes, he had that. His
money? Of course. He took up his
paper. Then a horrid thought assailed
him. His keys! He had left them behind.

Nothing to be done; nothing at any
rate that he could do. But his faithful
servant, just after he had gone, found
them, rang up Imperial Airways, and
sent them by aeroplane to Paris.

They cost £50 to send.

T.O.T.T.

**PRICE—£100,000,000
OR MORE**

**Transport by Train, Omnibus
Tube and Tram**

LONDON TO OWN THEM ALL

Train, Omnibus, Tube, and Tram: the Londoner needs them all to go to work, to shop, to play, and then to go home again. The Government has a plan to make all four better, quicker, and cheaper.

It proposes to put them all under one public authority.

The public would buy up the District Railway, the Metropolitan Railway, and the Tubes. *Cost £57,000,000.*

It would take over by purchase also the pig-in-a-poke of the tramways, which, though not all very profitable, nevertheless carry millions of Londoners in the year and cannot be spared at present. *Cost £27,000,000.*

Then there are the buses. The red London Generals, the less ornate vehicles of Tillings, and the less known blues and chocolates. *Cost £9,500,000.*

Eight Millions a Day

This sum of over £90,000,000, which does not include the suburban railways which plunge deep into London from the south, north, east, and west, will purchase a system of transport which carries over eight million people daily.

That is an enormous number of people to move. The figures are more impressive than those of the cost, and they matter more because what concerns the busy Londoner more than the cost of his T.O.T.T. ticket is that the T.O.T.T. system shall get him quickly to where he wants to go.

When the Londoner, eager to get to work, is hung up for fifteen minutes on his bus in the Strand or at the Mansion House, or by an accumulation of hold-ups in Holborn or at Victoria or the Elephant (or where not?) and arrives home half an hour later than he meant, he thinks not of the pennies for the tickets, but of the waste of his time.

Cutting out Competition

One of the chief objects of an all-in scheme of T.O.T.T. is to lessen traffic congestion by cutting out the competition of vehicles not running for public convenience but for private profit.

This may seem too bright a hope for any public body to realise. In the rush hours many a Londoner, especially of the weaker sex, whichever that may be, must think that there are not too many omnibuses, but too few. From John Carpenter House the C.N., looking at the struggle on a wet night among the trams which start from Blackfriars, wishes that there were twice as many vehicles, or half as many passengers.

The same reflection arises in contemplation of the packed railway carriages, or the omnibuses with not a place to spare, which leave a little trail of disappointed Londoners behind at nearly every stopping place. At these times the difficulty seems to be not that there is too much transport, but that there are too many mobile Londoners.

The Great Problem

The picture thus painted is a gloomy one. Once the C.N. was at a Labour tea-party in Woolwich at which the presiding genius was Mr. Will Crooks. There were many visitors, and Mrs. Crooks lamented that there were not enough chairs. "Nay, missus," said Will Crooks genially; "there's ample chairs, but there's too much people." That is the great problem which any reformers of London traffic must face.

Still, there can be no progress unless a start is made; and no start will be made till there is one Central Authority with power to control, to regulate, to increase here or to cut down there, all means of transport. When that is usefully done there will be no quarrel about the cost, but fares should cost less.

OLD MR. READE

HIS GOOD WORK DONE

**The Man Who Adopted His
Homeland as His Child**

GIVING A MILLION

Full of years and honour, old Mr. Reade of Auckland, New Zealand, has passed on, leaving behind a memory of generosity that sought no reward and a character from which self-seeking was altogether absent.

He was the man who was not satisfied with giving a million to the Empire, but added another £100,000 to it as a happy afterthought last year.

Mr. Reade's story was then told in the C.N. He had made his great fortune in a life of hard work, 35 years of it spent in India. There he dealt in tea, jute, and coal, and from India he went back to New Zealand, where he hoped to enjoy some years of well earned leisure.

Happy days were his portion, and in number perhaps as many as he could have wished. For a year or so he travelled and saw the world. Then he looked for a quiet place where the closing years of his life with his wife would be full of tranquillity.

The Evening of His Days

He found his ideal resting place in Auckland, and there he and Mrs. Reade basked in the sunshine. The old tea planter found nothing he liked better than sea-fishing. Neither Mr. nor Mrs. Reade cared for display, and they lived modestly. The little they spent left this old gentleman of 83 more money than he could spend, and he had no children to whom to leave it. So, instead of bequeathing it when he died, he adopted the British Empire as his child, and gave to it a million pounds while he lived.

The money was to found the Holbrook Naval School in Suffolk, which is to take the place of the Naval School at Greenwich. Then, on reflection, he thought that his child would need support, so he added last year the extra sum for that purpose.

Then old Mr. G. S. Reade sat back in his chair and waited happily for the end. He was offered a knighthood but declared that he was too old to take one. His reward was better than that:

*His wages taken, and the long day done,
And in his heart some late lark singing.*

**THE LITTLE FLOWERS
OF CLEMENCEAU**

For Remembrance

When M. Clemenceau died he left the sternest injunctions that there was to be no ceremonial about his burial; but with him in the coffin were laid two little posies of dead flowers.

By his wish other things were laid with them which reveal the tenderness within this iron man. There was the little leather-covered casket in which his mother had placed a little book. But the flowers belonged to his later life.

They were a souvenir of the last crucial weeks of the war, when Clemenceau visited the French trenches on Marshal Pétain's front. They were lightly held of set purpose, so that the enemy, over-running them, should come against the strong reserves in the rear.

But the men who held them? They would be sacrificed. Clemenceau understood that, and when the soldiers gave the old man the flowers he said: "My children, these flowers shall go with me to my grave."

Now they are there; they went with his mother's gift.

They were a bit of France.

ENEMIES NO MORE

**A LITTLE P.S. TO
THE WAR**

**General Smuts and the Great
African Traveller**

**HOW THE ORDER OF MERIT
WAS ANNOUNCED**

Cheers and laughter rippled all through the duration of the speeches which General Jan Smuts and General von Lettow-Vorbeck made at one another when they met at a public dinner in London.

There could not be a better sign of the goodwill that has replaced old enmities. General Jan Smuts had chased General von Lettow-Vorbeck through the length and breadth of Equatorial Africa. But this is how he put it in his speech at the dinner:

"He travelled over a large part of the African Continent, and I had the very greatest difficulty in finding him in Kenya, in German East Africa, Mozambique, and Rhodesia; and at the end he was on his way to Angola on the West Coast. Only the Armistice prevented him from becoming the greatest African traveller."

An Invitation to Dinner

And General von Lettow-Vorbeck, replying in the same vein, said that was not the first time General Smuts had invited him to dinner, and went on to camouflage the request that his rival had made to him to surrender by remarking that in September, 1916, General Smuts had extended an invitation not only to him, but to all the officers and men under his command. "But I was very busy at that time," he said, "and detained by duty."

Again, General Smuts recalled that during this warlike period the German Government had conferred on General Lettow-Vorbeck the Prussian Order of Merit, "but as our guest was at that time cut off from all communications I had the pleasure of notifying him and congratulating him."

These two brave men did not hate one another, though they fought on different sides. General Lettow-Vorbeck recalled that even in the field they sometimes exchanged hospitality, and they sometimes read one another's letters in captured correspondence. Then they learned of the enemy they had never seen that he was a good husband, a good father, a good fellow.

Changing Times

That is what we are all beginning to learn now; for, as General Jan Smuts told the ex-Service men and women who had served in the East African campaign, and at this dinner entertained their old enemy the German commander, times are changing. Old stalwarts and fire-eaters come together still to talk over those days, but a new generation is growing up. Children at school today, said General Smuts, had only the dimmest memories of the Great War. They must learn none of its bitterness, but only the hope which has sprung from it that such things may never happen again.

POOR SCRIBBLER

Eugene Tomary, the Hungarian author, lived without attaining much celebrity in the world, and he had even less money, but in dying he became famous.

In the nursing home to which he was taken they found that he had been starving himself so that his two children of six and seven might have enough to keep them alive. He had only about ten shillings a week to keep them all.

His works on philosophy were highly valued by philosophers, but they were little sold. It was his humanity rather than his books which made him famous at his death, and Budapest gave him a grave of honour.

**SCIENCE BLOWN
SKY HIGH**

**An Explosion on the
Carnegie**

THE SHIP WITHOUT IRON

A cargo of precious knowledge was scattered and partially destroyed when a petrol explosion shattered the yacht Carnegie in Apia Harbour, Samoa, the village where Robert Louis Stevenson died and where he sleeps on the mountain top.

The Carnegie was sent out some time ago on a cruise over all the oceans of the world, the cruise to last three years, with intervals for refitting. She was to bring back all the knowledge that could be gathered by her staff of the depths of the oceans, of the variations of gravity over these oceans, and of the magnetic and electrical conditions in the sea, at the surface, and in the air over the sea.

A Strange Vessel

Equipped by the Carnegie Institution of Washington for the collection of this information, the Carnegie was in one respect the strangest vessel in the world. She had not an ounce of iron in her, not a nail, not a button.

The absence of iron or steel was to ensure greater precision in magnetic observations, and the exclusion applied to the ropes and fittings of the ship and the garments of the crew. Every button, every bit of machinery, was of non-magnetic metal.

Before the expedition was cut short at Samoa the Carnegie had made six others, and had discovered two submarine mountain ranges off the coast of South America; but the loss of the records of magnetic and electrical observations, which are very precise, and cover many written volumes, means that the work will have to be done all over again.

THINGS SAID

Sing more and grumble less.

Mr. T. P. Ratcliff

No evil is inevitable. Sir Ernest Lamb
I have never had a headache.

Mr. W. E. Hurcomb

We should not desire to go to Heaven
before our time. Mr. Martin Shaw

When there is nothing more to be said
some fool always says it. Lord Dewar

It is exceedingly difficult to be
accurate. Lord Grey

I deplore the tendency to look to the
State for help. Mr. J. H. Thomas

Hampshire is the cradle of the
English race. Major Richard Rigg

There are fifty thousand Hampshire
people living in London. Mr. Clive Holland

Many people now dead would be alive
if every motor driver were teetotal.

Mr. Justice Talbot

I met three great men in England,
and one is a little pale clergyman in
Whitechapel. The late M. Clemenceau

The League is creating a power for
peace more sure than pacts and treaties.
Archbishop of Canterbury

I have spoken with someone who
spoke with someone born 213 years ago.
Mrs. Eleanor Black-Hawkins

I would rather go without my break-
fast than without the morning paper.

The Lord Mayor

All the nice people were not killed
in the war.

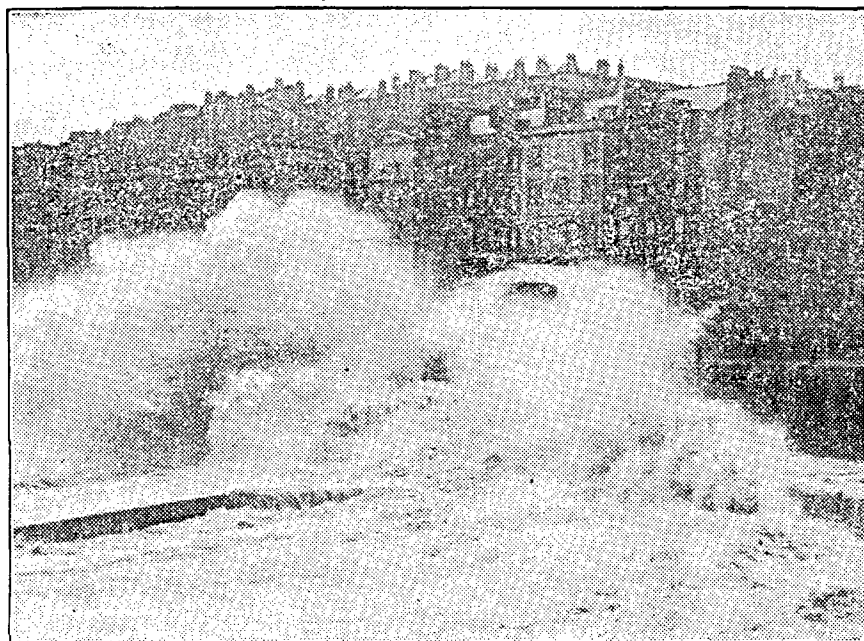
A woman, seeing somebody buy 100
Christmas toys for poor children

Whatever ye would that men should
do to you, do ye even so to them. Jesus

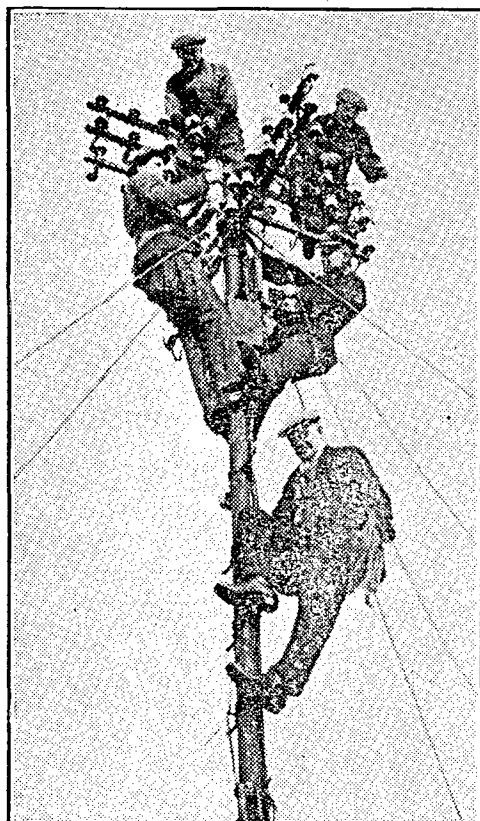
MONKS AS BUILDERS • BEARS BEG FOR FOOD • LUXURY IN THE CLOUDS



Monks as Builders—The monks of Buckfast in Devon, two of whom are here seen at work, are nearing the end of their task of building their Abbey Church. Work was begun twenty-three years ago, and the church is being built on the foundation of a historic abbey.



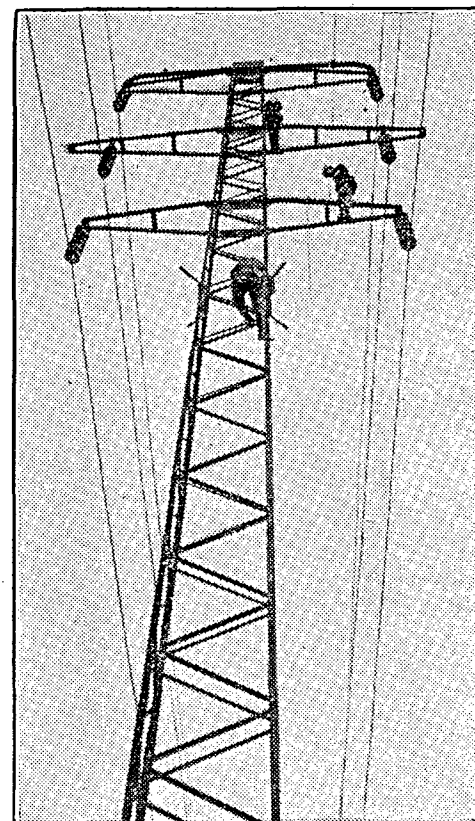
A South Coast Storm—This picture shows the beach at Hastings, where children paddle in the summer months, swept by the fury of a recent gale. Clouds of spray were flung high into the air as the waves dashed over the promenade.



Looking Down on Aberdeen—Five men were seen at work on one telegraph pole the other day when wires were being renewed.



Two Visitors Arrive—When snow lies on the ground in Rainier National Park in Washington State bears approach some of the scattered habitations and beg for food, as seen in this picture.



The Men at the Top—The engineers seen in this picture had a perilous task when they were working on a mast that carries power cables near Berlin.



Model Air Fleet—Jack Horwood, a Los Angeles boy, owns this remarkable fleet of model aeroplanes. Practically every modern type of American aeroplane is represented.



Luxurious Air Travel—Here is a corner of the dining saloon on board R 100, Britain's newest dirigible. There is room for 56 people to dine in comfort in this spacious apartment.

FLYING SAMARITAN

A YOUNG HERO OF THE AIR

The Passenger Who Tried to Get Out of the Plane

ALL IN THE DAY'S WORK

Ensign Lindow has received a Carnegie award for gallantry.

And who, asks the Briton, is Ensign Lindow?

All Sweden knows. It is a question that could never be asked in Lapland.

First of all, think of the Northern wilderness in winter. Think of the people living in lonely settlements, wrestling with frost and snow for a living, and cheerfully enduring all sorts of hardships save one. That one exception is the fear which overshadows their lives. Suppose they fall ill, or break a limb, what will happen to them, with all those vast stretches of ice and snow between them and a doctor or surgeon?

Then think of the air stations at Boden, Froesoen, and Stockholm. A wireless call for help comes from some place in the wilderness. Can the air ambulance fly to the rescue?

Perilous Flights

It may mean setting out in the dark, with no knowledge of a landing place. As often as not a snowstorm is raging. The pilots might justifiably say: "It is no use risking three lives. I will try next morning."

But the pilots of the Swedish Red Cross air ambulances have flown in such appalling conditions that they have deserved the hero worship which surrounds them. They are known as the Flying Samaritans.

Perhaps the two most famous names are those of Sergeant Cornelius (who has won the Royal gold medal for meritorious deeds, the gold plaque of the Swedish Aero Club, and a Carnegie award) and Ensign Lindow. There are endless tales of the lives they have saved by dangerous flights made at a moment's notice.

Taking a Risk

Once Ensign Lindow was asked if he would bring a woman to hospital for an urgent operation. He found her tied to her bed and raving in delirium. She was a powerful woman, and fought those who would have helped her, but after a struggle she was got into the air ambulance, strapped to a stretcher.

The weather was bad, and the ground was bad. After several efforts to get off Ensign Lindow found he could only do it by leaving his mechanic behind. That was a risky thing to do, but Lindow decided to take the risk rather than delay taking the poor woman to hospital.

After he had flown some way he looked back and saw a sight which filled him with horror. With a strength born of madness the woman had struggled out of her bonds and was trying to get out of the plane.

A Nightmare Journey

Lindow climbed up on the back of his seat and grasped her just in time. He made the rest of that journey with an arm about the struggling woman, while he piloted the plane with one hand.

Twice they ran into blinding snowstorms, but the nightmare flight came to an end at last. Directly they reached the Air Ambulance station the woman was rushed to hospital, and surgeons performed an operation which saved her life and sanity and the life of her child.

As for Lindow, he was so numb with cold and so exhausted by his struggle that he could hardly stand. But it was all in the day's work of a Flying Samaritan.

No wonder the people of Northern Sweden make heroes of these knights-errants of the air.

C. L. N.

Why You Should Join It

By Sir Eric Drummond,
Secretary-General of the League of Nations

The League of Nations is about the same age as you, for it started life at the end of the war.

Its object is to make countries more friendly with each other and to prevent war by giving them a more sensible way of settling their quarrels.

If you think of the League as the machinery that makes the Foreign Ministers and other public servants of the countries meet to discuss their business and to make friends you will have got hold of one of the main points about the League.

These meetings are going on all the year round, and through them people (mainly rather important people) of different countries are getting to know each other in a way that was quite unheard of ten years ago. Whether they do good or bad work when they meet depends largely on how far the people in their countries insist that the League shall be used to improve relations and to keep the peace between nations.

Before long it will be up to you to support the League, and if you are going to support it you will have to know something about it. You may well begin by joining the C.L.N., whose business it is to tell you what the League is doing. Eric Drummond

7000 Members

There are now over 7000 members of the C.L.N., and they will be delighted to have the message from the Secretary-General at Geneva. Sir Eric Drummond is the inspiring force of the great secretariat of the League of Nations, and the part he plays in promoting the friendship and goodwill of nations can hardly be exaggerated. He is the only man in the world who was mentioned by name in the Treaty of Versailles.

As Sir Eric Drummond says we must all grow up learning something of the League which is to save the world from war in the years to come, and it will be a proud memory for us, when we take our own part in the life of the world, to remember that we began early in building up friendship among all peoples by belonging to the first Children's League of Nations.

The Best League Schools

The international association of ex-service men who fought with us in the Great War (the Fédération Interalliée des Ancien Combattants) awards three medals each year to the schools which are doing most in this country to back up the work of the League of Nations. This year two of the medals have been awarded to the Gresham School at Holt and the Central Foundation School in London, and the other has been awarded jointly to the St. Francis Catholic School at Milford Haven and the Clergy Jubilee School at Newcastle.

How to Join the League

All letters should be addressed:

Children's League of Nations,
15, Grosvenor Crescent, London, S.W.1.

No letters should be sent to the C.N. office.

With each application for membership should be sent sixpence for the Badge.

Each letter should give your name and address, birthday and year, and the name of your school. A card and badge will be sent to you.

There will be arrangements for meeting other members at parties, plays, pageants, lectures, film shows, and so on. There will be opportunities of making friends in your own neighbourhood and in other countries. There will be a Letter Exchange. There will be arrangements for visits to interesting places and scholarship tours to Geneva. And, most of all, there will be for all of us the great happiness of belonging to the first Children's League of Nations.



The C.L.N. Badge

A NEW EYE FOR THE SKIES

California's Big Telescope

MIRROR WEIGHING 30 TONS

Before the C.N. is very much older a new wonder will be added to the skies, disclosed by the great telescope with a mirror 200 inches in diameter to be set up in California.

The mirror lens will itself weigh 30 tons. The moving parts of the great instrument will weigh 500 tons. But what are these figures by the side of the immensities the telescope may be expected to disclose?

With the 100-inch reflector at Mount Wilson the astronomers reached out to star clusters and nebulae which they placed at distances measured by hundreds of thousands of light-years. They photographed a faint star whose light had set out to fall on their mirror a million years ago. Their instruments raised the numbers of the stars to 30,000 millions, and the dimensions of the starry universe grew a thousand times vaster in every direction.

Is Space Curved?

The new telescope, more than sixteen feet across at its mirror disc, will make stars visible whose presence is now only surmised and whose vast distances can only be uncertainly guessed. It may even furnish some sort of an answer to the question as to whether there are no limits to the Universe, or whether, as Einstein says, space is curved.

But there is much yet to be done before this tremendous silvered eye of the great telescope receives the secrets of the skies. The erection of so heavy a piece of mechanism is a great piece of work, and its balancing and regulating will occupy many months.

The best mountain site must be found for it, so that the "boiling" of the Earth's atmosphere will not spoil the starry images, and the "casting" of the mirror is attended with innumerable trials and disappointments.

MR. TAXIMAN

By One of His Patrons

In a general way the Londoner expects the London taximan to be ready to go anywhere and do anything in reason, but it appears that the taximan picked up at a railway station (like some taximen picked up in the street) is not always willing.

As he has sometimes paid a small fee to come into the station he is on private property, and therefore cannot be made to take a fare if he does not care about the job.

For example, if the fare wants to go only a short distance the cabman may decline the unprofitable proposition. According to the railway companies the taximen do sometimes refuse, and pick and choose the longer fares.

People who live a long way from the terminus (and arrive with luggage) do not meet this difficulty, but there are other difficulties.

For example, there is the difficulty taximen seem to experience in finding change. We sometimes have wondered if they keep it in their boots.

There is also the difficulty which many taximen find in saying "Thank you" for a tip that is under sixpence, though even when threepence it may be 25 per cent of their legal fare.

It is proof of the indulgent way in which Londoners regard their taximen that the tip has been allowed to grow to its present size. It is as large now as ever it was in the old days of the hansom and the four-wheeler.

The taximeter was invented to do away with overcharge, and what is the tip but overcharge?

We are glad to hear of some new taxis without tips. They will help to make the taximan who gets a tip thankful for money he has not earned.

BLACK SWANS COME TO ENGLAND

The Bird of Fable That Really Is

A CHAPTER OF AUSTRALIAN HISTORY

Four black swans, birds becoming very rare, have arrived in England from Australia. They have been presented to the Worshipful Company of Vintners.

Black swans were supposed for two thousand years to be the very birds which did not and could not exist. The bird figured in proverb as the very height of impossibility. Two suns or three moons in the sky, flying pigs, whales marching on dry land, were ideas no more absurd than black swans to our learned ancestors. So, as black swans were supposed not to exist, it is no wonder the Old World did not possess an example.

Marching Into History

Black swans have never done things by halves. Having hidden themselves from the knowledge of civilisation for thousands of years, when they did at last reveal themselves they marched into history with all the importance of the founding of a dynasty or the discovery of a new satellite of the Sun.

Indeed, we can say more exactly when black swans were discovered than when the continent which gave them birth first came into the ken of white men. It was on January 6, 1697, that the Dutch explorer William de Vlaming sent a boat's crew ashore to explore an estuary he had sighted on the west coast of what he had called Zuidland, or South Land, that part of the great island which we call Western Australia.

Up the river there appeared a sight which made the wondering sailors doubt their eyes and suspect that they were the victims of delusions and witchcraft. Birds which were obviously swans were floating majestically on the quiet, mysterious waters, but they were black.

News for the Royal Society

However, the men recovered from their fear and astonishment, and succeeded in catching four of the swans and carrying them back alive to Batavia. The news reached Amsterdam as fast as ship could sail, and Witsen, the Burgomaster of the day, hastened to lay the thrilling story before the Royal Society. So our most famous scientific body had knowledge of the supposed fabulous bird before its native continent had a name, before its extent and nature were known.

Black swans have been so hunted at home that there are more in private keeping than in their native waters. But they are on the map. They give their name to the great Swan River, and a black swan is the armorial symbol of Western Australia.

DOST MOHAMMED'S ESCAPE

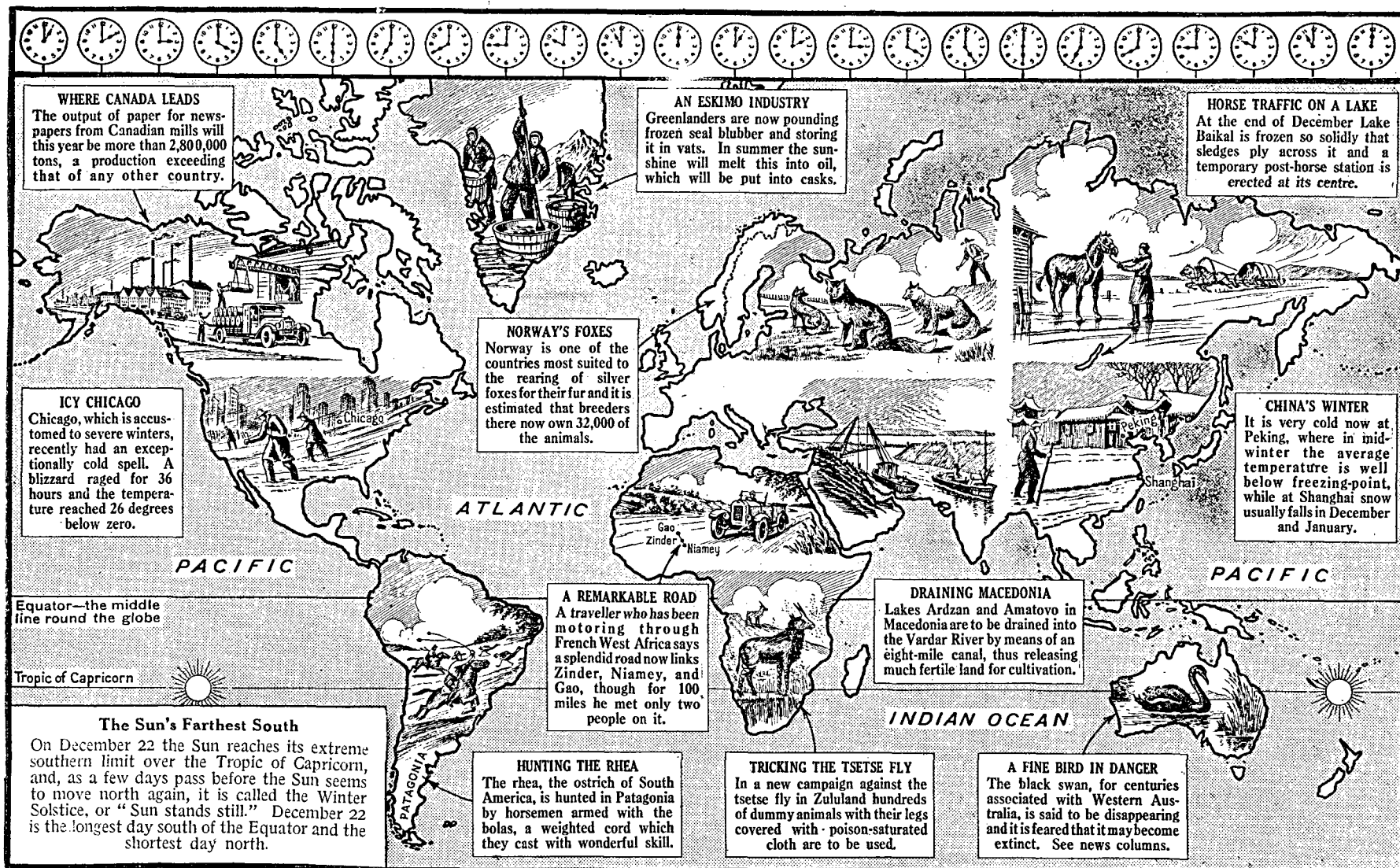
A telegram from Teheran says that Dost Mohammed has escaped. There is a fine flavour of old-fashioned romance in the news that he escaped on a trotting camel.

Dost Mohammed is a leading Persian Baluchi chief who was taken prisoner during the campaign last spring and held at Teheran as a hostage. The other day he asked permission to go hunting, and rode out to the east of the town with several guards.

But none of them had as good a camel as Dost Mohammed, and in spite of their number and their weapons he got away to the Dasht-i-Kavir Desert. Lovers of the picturesque will be very glad to think it was not a Ford car that bore him so swiftly out of gunshot.

The languid camels at the Zoo do not look as if they could be the heroes of such an adventure, but we must now regard them with a new respect.

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



MAESTEG'S SECOND THOUGHT

Better Than the First

Give the British people time and they right what is wrong. Here is an instance.

A generation ago a monument was erected in front of the Town Hall at Maesteg, Glamorganshire, to commemorate the good work done by a local doctor. It had also the practical value of illuminating the square, for on its top were three bright lamps. On one side, too, there was a fountain.

Then came the war. The water was stopped at the fountain. The war ended and a German gun appeared.

Gradually public opinion felt that something was not quite right there. The gun and the railings round it were removed, and seats were placed around the memorial where young and old may rest themselves.

And the end of the story has come with the last meeting of the Council, at which it was announced that the gun had been sold and the proceeds had been given to the British Legion.

THE BEGINNING AND THE END OF A CAREER

The Archbishop of Canterbury has been telling the Royal Society how he began and ended his scientific career. We do not know, of course, what science has missed, but we are sure the Church has gained much from the decision Dr. Lang arrived at after this experience.

For one year of my life I was taught science by one of the greatest of the presidents of the Royal Society, Lord Kelvin.

Whether it was his fault or mine, I was an undistinguished pupil, and my memory still smarts at the humiliation he publicly inflicted upon me when, having done my best to answer a question which he addressed to me and given my answer, he said: "Surely a more foolish answer was never given." At that point I ended my scientific career.

A WASTED VICTORY IN THE STEEL WORLD

For a time armour-plate has won a victory over the gun.

Half-an-inch of the new steel alloy plate will serve to keep out bullets that used to pierce an inch of the old plate.

It is good news, but it would be better if it meant that the old duel between armour-plate and gun were at an end. But it will never be finished till the guns are beaten into ploughshares, and the armour-plate into steel rails, and nation no longer wars against nation.

A new and more effective armour-piercing bullet or shell will be invented, and the armour-plate which resisted the old projectile will be pierced by it as if it were a slab of cheese.

Whatever armour is designed to keep out bullets or shells, flesh and blood will always be at the mercy of war-like weapons. What is wanted is not more hardened steel, but less hardened hearts in the world.

ITALIAN MASTERS SAIL FOR LONDON

Italy is on its way to London—many million pounds' worth of it.

It is not the Italy of Mussolini, but the immortal Italy of Titian and Tintoretto, of Giorgione and Botticelli, of Fra Angelico and Perugino. It is, in short, the Italy of the Golden Age of Italian painting, and it is expressing itself in pictures painted by those great Italian Masters whose influence was felt in every European country.

By the picture postcards we know them, but London will be able to see the great originals at Burlington House in the first week of the New Year.

We must be thankful to Signor Mussolini, for it is largely by his efforts and cooperation that this great loan from his country has been made possible.

GIVING THE BIRDS A CHANCE

The Irish Senate is introducing a Wild Birds Protection Bill which, if steadily carried out, may give the birds a better chance of life.

A close time is declared for all wild birds between March 1 and August 1. Then they must not be shot, trapped, or otherwise interfered with.

But a County Council can appeal for a variation of these dates for particular birds, or for the killing of some wild birds, in some places at all times.

It is declared unlawful to tether any bird as a decoy; to use bird lime and hooks to capture birds; and to set spring traps. The export of certain wild birds alive is prohibited. Lapwing eggs may not be taken.

The penalties are fairly severe. The bird-lime hunter may be fined £25 or three months' imprisonment. Trapping costs £2 for a first offence and £5 for a second; birds in small cages, £5.

A person breaking these laws has to furnish his name and address to anyone requiring it. That is good.

THE CANBERRA MUSHROOM AND THE ANCIENT MACE

Mr. Makin, speaker of the Commonwealth Parliament, has had the old mace removed from the Parliamentary Chamber in new Canberra. He thinks it a relic of barbarism.

Why Mr. Makin should believe that a symbol bound up with the rights and privileges of the King's faithful Commons is barbaric we cannot say.

A greater than Mr. Makin, the Lord Protector himself, once commanded that they should "take away that bauble." But the great Oliver addressed a make-shift House of Commons. When the House was itself again the mace returned.

Relic of barbarism indeed! Is it not a relic of ignorance for a mushroom capital to speak with such scant reverence of the ancient mace?

A POUND A HERO

The 136 Men of Gaddesden WHY NOT A SHILLING FOR THE C.P.R.E.?

From the lovely village of Little Gaddesden 136 men went to fight in the War to end War.

Now a movement is on foot to save the village green from petrol pumps and bungalows. It is a three-acre plot where old oaks, elms, limes, and cherries grow, and pretty cottages look on. The price is £500.

The first contributor to the fund, Mr. E. H. Cuthbertson, has sent a cheque for £136. It seems to us that he means it as a tribute to the 136 who played on the green in boyhood, and ought to be able to sit under the elms and watch their grandchildren play in years to come. The only thing erected on that beloved plot should be the War Memorial which tells how 23 will never return.

Constantly we hear of English loveliness in peril. There would be no more trouble if the people who could not serve in the trenches or at sea would give to the Council for the Preservation of Rural England a pound, or even a shilling, for every volunteer from their district.

Here is a chance for everyone of us to show the love of country that was shown by the young manhood of 1914.

MILDEW

Lancashire's cotton industry, which thrives on the moisture of the Lancashire climate, has not yet succeeded in freeing itself from the penalty of damp, which is mildew.

The Textile Society, meeting at Manchester, agreed that the real bugbear of the most modern manufacturer is the ancient enemy, mildew. It defeats the most scientific defences.

It is important that the cloth should be dry, the warehouse dry, everything about it dry. But there is no sure way of keeping these dry goods dry.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

DECEMBER 21 1929

Peace Sits by the Fire

Peace be with you—And with you
Peace. Arab Salutation

THIS will be the first Christmas with every Tommy Back from the War. Every Rhineland man is home again. The British Army of Occupation occupies its own land.

They have brought their belongings with them packed up joyfully in their old kit bags, the bags in which they used to pack their troubles. Some have brought back wives and families, and some their dogs; many, we are sure, have brought souvenirs bestowed on them by Germans who learned to appreciate Tommy at his true value yet were relieved to see him go.

Tommy will have his Christmas among his own people, with the sights and sounds of Old England at his door and the Christmas fire blazing on his own hearth. May it blaze merrily. May the Christmas bells ring joyfully in his ears. A Happy Christmas to him and to us all.

It will be no less happy for remembering the Christmas his old neighbours will spend on the Rhine now that he has gone. Christmas is as dear and homely a festival to our German cousins as to us. We all remember the marvellous way in which they kept it by fraternising with Tommy on that Christmas Day in the trenches. We are not sure that they did not think of the Christmas Tree before the English did. They have had it, at any rate, as long, and have lit its candles for their children.

Is it not pleasant to think that they are lighting the candles this year with a new freedom in their hearts? May we not perhaps think that here and there a candle is lit on the tree in memory of the British soldier who has gone home?

If we look back on the stormy years through which we have passed we may perceive that this is the first Christmas in which "sweet Peace sits crowned with smiles." It is the first in which there seems to have been a successful effort to right the wrongs that threaten Peace.

It is the first on which we can look back to a year spent by the great peoples on both sides of the Atlantic in the joint effort to seek Peace and ensue it, to be followed in the New Year by the effort of all the naval Powers.

When the good tidings of great joy were brought to Bethlehem the Prince of Peace was born. Each succeeding Christmas the hope of Peace is born anew in the hearts of men. This Christmas, more than for many Christmases past, we have a sign that men mean Peace.

And so Peace to us all, to our Homeland and to all Homelands everywhere, to everyone beneath the Sun.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River
Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



Go On

THERE is a courage of the battlefield and a courage of the home. An old friend of the late Mr. T. P. O'Connor tells a touching story of the old man's bravery.

For many years he had written a weekly article for an American paper which brought him £1000 a year. One day, when he was nearly 75, he received a telegram which ended the contract. Mr. J. L. Garvin, the famous editor of the Observer, happened to be visiting him when it came, and T. P. handed him the telegram saying, with a faint smile, "This is hard, but I must just go on."

It was a gallant saying from a hard worker of 75. Perhaps it will help younger ones to face disaster if they remember that the only thing to do is just to go on.

Simba Remembers

By Our Town Girl

Written after reading of an old friend's visit to a lion at the Zoological Gardens.

Simba was tiny and hungry and harmless, Simba was fed from a bottle by hand. Soft, loving fingers caressed into slumber

Simba, the happiest cub in the land.

Simba grew up and was taken to London,

Put in the Zoo in a strong iron cage.

Simba was lonely and longed for his mistress.

Simba was angry and roared in his rage.

Many years afterwards Simba the lion,

Pride of the Zoo, yet contemptuous of men,

Sleeps in his tedium; but a voice calls him:

Mistress has come to her Simba again!

Simba's heart leaps as he hears and remembers.

Into his cage steals a hand—it is Hers!

And happiness comes with Her hand to caress him,

Simba the Lion, the Mighty One, purrs.

The Shining Light

A MISSIONARY in the East End has been telling his friends of a brave old lady who lived in a noisy street near a chemical factory which belched forth noisome odours.

There was nothing remarkable about Amelia Briggs save that, in spite of dire poverty and unlovely surroundings, she was very patient and brave. (Perhaps remarkable enough!) But two things the missionary remembers. Opposite her, on the grey walls of a house, was a bit of glass, and when the Sun shone it became diamond bright. The old lady loved to look at it.

"That's Amelia Briggs," she would say, "when God shines on me!"

What doth the Lord require of thee but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?

Micah

Mrs. Comeandgo

A FAMOUS organist has been telling this delightful tale of his baby daughter and his charwoman Mrs. Comeandgo.

Mary Elizabeth was carried past his study door every morning at a certain time by her nurse for her rest before lunch. The father usually called out a greeting. One morning at the usual time he heard the footsteps and, rushing to the door, called out: "Is that my darling sweetheart?" A husky voice replied: "No; it's me, sir." Somewhat disconcerted, he said: "Oh, I beg your pardon, Mrs. Comeandgo." To which she made answer: "Oh, it's all right, sir, I'm used to it!"

Tip-Cat

THE Stock Exchange slump continues.

A lot of people have lost a lot of money they never had.

VEGETABLE diet makes us slim, we read. Our favourite elephant is an unfavourable witness.

As a marvellous example of the power of memory we notice a member of

Peter Puck
Wants to Know



If a sandwich
man can be a
vegetarian

Parliament's protest that a Bill before the House violates an election pledge.

THE cultivation of tomatoes for profit is becoming popular. A growing industry.

THE peoples of the world are in advance of their Governments. They won't be there long if their

Governments can catch them.

SINGING birds drink three times as much water as those that do not sing. Just to wet their whistles.

LONDON goes on and on without much happening, says a writer. Yet a great many things come to pass.

PEOPLE who walk in the country are wearing rear-lights. Determined to shine somehow.

England, My England

What have I done for you,
England, my England?
What is there I would not do,
England, my own? W. E. Henley

THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

CHARITIES receive £120,000 under the will of a South African merchant, Mr. Barnet Lewis.

THE French Government is spending £250,000 on playing fields.

SINCE the war the beer drunk in England has decreased by over a million gallons a week.

On Christmas Day

BEFORE the shepherds came to pray

To Jesus Christ on Christmas Day
The baby Child a small cock spied
Close by the stable. Jesus cried:
"Hail, little cock! And how are you?"

Then Cock-a-doodle-doodle-doo!
The small cock crowed. When Jesus heard

This happy cry come from the bird
He sighed and said: "How strange, alas,

Are some things that shall come to pass.

This little cock may never know;
But on a later day his crow

Will sound when Peter thrice denies

His Lord. Then, little bird, your cries

May heavy lie upon your heart

To think you played so large a part

In My undoing. Is it you

Shall thus cry Cock-a-doodle-doo?

Ah well, I love you none the less,

So crow now for My happiness."

AND that was why the farmer folk

In great bewilderment awoke

Long ere the Sun rose in the East.

Something had changed both

bird and beast,

For, when the cock so gaily

crowed,

The asses brayed, the oxen lowed,

And very soon that Christmas

morn

Folk knew the Christ Child had

been born. E. B.

A Primrose in December

FROM a far Somerset garden there

came to the writer a primrose in

December. Through flowering so

early it got transplanted to a York-

shire garden before winter had well

begun. Before the first snow had fallen

it came, announcing spring.

These early awakenings of flowers

have no little interest. They are

among the most fascinating happen-

ings of the winter season. Given a

sheltered place or unseasonably mild

weather, some winter plants easily

mistake the hour. Lying awaiting the

spring call, they respond to what

seem to us false alarms, so eager are

they to be about their tasks. Right

through the winter season there are

such premature comings, stirring in

us both memory and hope.

A single flower can awaken a host

of memories. Was it not William

Carey who told how an English daisy

in his Indian garden, the first he had

seen in thirty years, was one of the

most enriching and moving things his

eyes had ever looked upon?

So a primrose in December can give

visions of the primroses of other days.

The one flower is forerunner of a host.

The solo will become a chorus. The

beauty peeping out is but a hint of the

beauty hidden in the Earth, in every

garden and field. Even in the depth

of winter the flowers are on their way.

While yet few visible signs are found

great things are happening. A prim-

rose in December is indeed a promise

and a hope.

GRANDMOTHER'S TALE

FATE OF MARY CARTWRIGHT

A Lonely Woman Tells Her Story and Clears up a Mystery

LIFE IN PONDOLAND

The fate of many a ship's crew is lost in mystery, and one of the darkest stories of all concerned the Grosvenor, wrecked off the coast of Kaffraria in 1782.

Silver coins which formed part of her cargo are still sometimes picked up on the south-east coast of Africa and dreadful tales are told of what befell her crew.

But a new and probably a true version of their adventure has now been told in a book by Captain Harry Dean, whose ship plied along those shores for many years.

He was once visiting the King of Pondoland when he heard of a white woman living about fifteen miles from the kraal. Some said she had been brought thither by a mighty bird, and others that she was descended from a woman cast up by the sea.

A House in the Woods

No white people lived anywhere near, so Captain Dean felt that this solitary woman must have some strange history, and he made a little journey to her house in the woods.

A slim brown girl told the stranger that grandmother would see him.

There she sat, a proud old lady, white-skinned and white-haired, and she told her story in English.

Her grandmother was Mary Cartwright of Devonshire, whose husband died while his regiment was stationed in India. The young widow took a passage in the East Indiaman Grosvenor, sailing in 1782.

The ship went aground in a storm. It was impossible to launch a boat in such seas. But one gallant man offered to try to swim ashore with a lifeline, and thus all were rescued except one.

Rescue Party Which Never Came

The castaways decided to travel along the coast in the hope of reaching the Cape. Fortunately they found plenty of fruit to eat besides shell fish. They marched along carrying firebrands by day and lighting big fires with them at night, having but one flint and steel in the whole party.

But after some time they grew disappointed at not coming to any sign of civilisation, and the men said they could travel faster without the women. So it was agreed that they should hasten forward and send back a rescue party, which never came. The women camped in despair, and at last Mary Cartwright swam a river and found herself being carried to the sea.

When the roar of the surf seemed to be her death knell a little boat shot forth from a screen of overhanging branches and the half-drowned girl found herself lifted to safety.

A young chieftain had been fishing close to the bank and had been amazed to see a creature white as the foam struggling in the river.

A Tall Dignified People

He took her to his father's house, where she was treated with the utmost kindness and respect. She found the tall dignified people very cleanly and very generous, and she married the young chief who had rescued her.

To her daughters and grandchildren she had taught English speech and certain English ways, but she seems to have found the life of Pondoland wholesome and good. Yet England used to believe that those of the survivors of the Grosvenor who were not killed by the Pondolandians died of starvation and thirst. How different is the story of the old white woman in the woods!

BRIGHT BOYS OF THE SLUMS

THE bright boys of East London are not to be beaten for sharpness and native wit.

Said one: "Your father must be a terrible mean man—him a shoemaker and making you wear those boots."

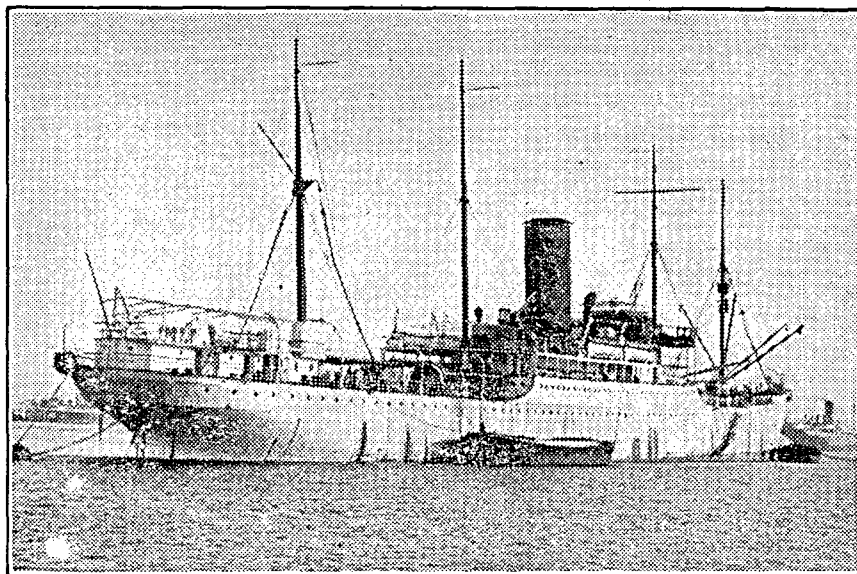
Whereupon the second retorted: "He's nothing to what your father is—him a dentist and your baby with only one tooth!"

But Cockney wit is the only bright thing about the slums in winter. There is no money for holly and mistletoe, or little Christmas-trees gay with tinsel and coloured candles, or toys for the children who go up to the West End to see these things in the shop windows. Father Christmas does not come to

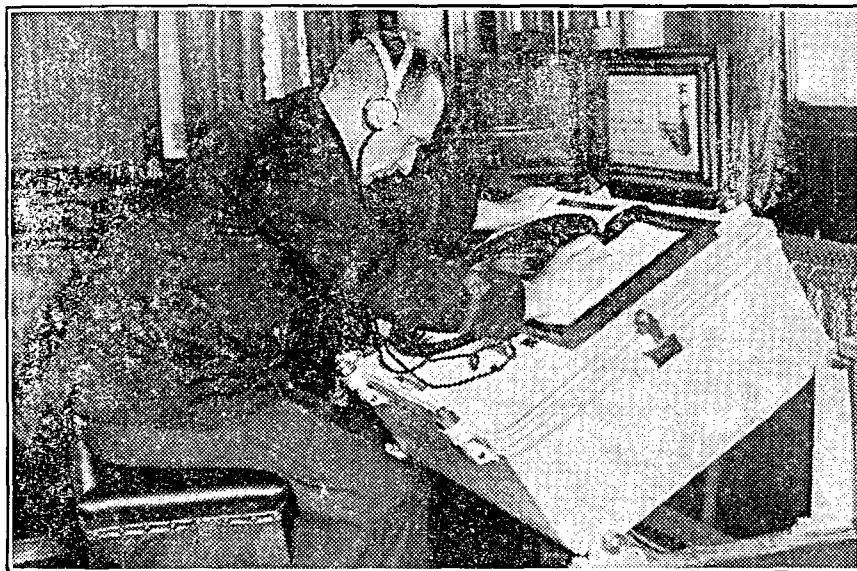
the East End, and that is strange, because there are so many fireless grates to make his chimney climb safe.

No wonder that the East End Star feels that the bright children deserve some Christmas brightness. Our contemporary is going to give a Christmas party to 15,000 of them and send 2000 parcels to families for whom there will be no room at the party. It wonders if there are C.N. readers who have toys, books, clothes, or pennies to spare, and would send them to 583, Commercial Road, E.1, to help to fill those parcels. It seems the best way to make a happy Christmas for one's self and the only way to get Father Christmas down to the slums.

REPAIRING EARTHQUAKE DAMAGE



The cable ship Dominia



An engineer with the depth-finding apparatus

The cables broken by the recent earthquake in the North Atlantic are now being mended by the cable ship Dominia. The depth of the sea is found with apparatus which measures the time taken by sound to echo from the ocean bed.

THE MARCH OF A LEICESTERSHIRE LAD

IN the 27 years since Charles Dunning left Leicestershire for Canada he has made good, and has made history.

Mr. Dunning is now the Finance Minister for Canada, the youngest Chancellor of the Exchequer in the world, and he has won his way to that position from being a farmer's boy.

From the village of Croft in the Midlands he went out as an emigrant with no capital except the will to work. He began to work with a will for a farmer in Saskatchewan.

But he had a mind that worked as well as hands, and he had not come of age before he was urging on all who would listen to him the value of combination among the farmers to sell their grain.

So persuasive he was, and so determined, that at 25 he headed the movement which led to the formation of the Canadian wheat-pooling system, the largest cooperative organisation of its kind in the world.

Soon the farmers began to say that this bright young man must represent them in Parliament. Six years later he held his first office, and became Minister of Agriculture in the Province, and subsequently he was its Prime Minister.

That was the first step to office in the Dominion Parliament, and it will be strange indeed if the Leicestershire lad does not some day represent the Dominion of Canada in the counsels of the Empire.

AMAZING JOURNEY OF A MOTHER AND HER BOY

DRAMATIC ARRIVAL IN CIVILISATION

How Nabbari Brought Her Little One From the Wilds

EPIC OF THE FLAG

By Our Correspondent for Australia's Lonely Spaces

On the fringe of civilisation at her outpost at Ooldea Water, just off the North-to-South Railway across Australia, lives our correspondent Mrs. Daisy Bates.

The other day there appeared before her tent a mother and her little lad, and this is their wonderful story.

When the mob of thirty wild cannibals arrived here at Ooldea Water last year among those whom they left behind was a woman called Nabbari and her crippled son Marburning. The husband of this woman had either been killed and eaten or had died from some sudden poison-snake's bite, and she and her little son were in some danger among the still wild mobs.

Wooden Spoon and Digging Stick

In the group that had arrived at my camp were several of her relations, and Nabbari determined to follow their tracks wherever they led her. So one day she and her son stole away from the camp and, with their faces turned south, began a journey that must have covered nearly a thousand miles.

Nabbari had her wooden spoon for digging out animal burrows and her digging stick pointed at one end; her boy, little Marburning, had a broken spear to help him in his lameness. This, with a lighted fire-stick, formed their equipment when they started from Mingana Water, beyond the border of Western and of South Australia, many hundred miles from Ooldea Water.

The Long Trek

One day, in the heat of April, Nabbari and her boy came over the hill near my camp and looked at me rigid with fear. Difficult and delicate questioning brought out some details of her long, long trek; the hiding of their tracks, their hunt for food and water, and their rests at this or that water, or swamp, or food-ground, on their zig-zag route.

In a few weeks after their start from Mingana Water they had passed through all the country known to them, but all along the way, and right into Ooldea Water, were the old tracks of early mobs and the fresher tracks of those going southward to the Ooldea Water of tribal legend.

As the mobs had turned hither and thither in their search for food and water, so Nabbari turned with her boy, often retracing her steps in order to camp near some good water. They lighted very small fires to cook their food—rabbits and bandicoots, lizards and iguanas, and any and every living thing that left a track for them to follow. They killed many foxes and dingoes, and even their pet puppies; but the little boy clung to one dingo puppy, and it accompanied them into civilisation.

Warning Signs

A breakwind of branches, disposed as only a native who wishes to hide from his own kind can arrange them, was their night-shelter. In swamp and spinifer country they sheltered beside the spinifer clumps. Without knowing it they crossed Forrest's track and Giles's track, and saw camel tracks and horse tracks, which they called "ma-mu," "nganju," and from which fled affrighted.

Here and there certain signs warned Nabbari that she was approaching some secret or sacred ground, where sacred objects probably had been left by previous mobs; and if this occurred in hilly

Continued on the next page

THE WONDERFUL THOUSAND-MILE WALK TO A C.N. CORRESPONDENT

Continued from page 7

country they were compelled to retrace their steps and find some other outlet.

East and West and North again they turned in search of food and water, but having refreshed themselves they rose up again and followed their gleam, the tracks of those who had immediately preceded them.

Now and then they came upon the scenes of old fights, with their accompanying cannibalistic feasts, and Nabbari learned from the footprints who the killers were and who the victims. In every camp she came upon she read the history of its temporary denizens as plainly as one can read a book. As no mob coming out of the Central area has ever taken a direct route on its outward journey, so Nabbari and little Marburning zig-zagged along the tracks.

observed all the native customs regarding taboos.

Many tracks led her long distances to rock holes, or soaks, which she found dried up, but by drinking the blood of dingo or bandicoot she and her boy assuaged their thirst. Every little sign of large edible grub, every little disturbance of the ground, told her that honey, ant, and grub would be her supper. And she and her boy threw on their long journey.

She saw Barradjuguna's track and Mindari's track, where these two had followed on toward Ooldea when they had recovered from their wounds; and later she saw Barradjuguna's track facing northward again. She did not know then that the dreadful trotting and barking mob had surrounded Barradjuguna and Mindari, and had so

that many of the once numerous totem groups living in the area she was now travelling over had abandoned their waters, and she called these waters orphaned waters, and gave her little death wail after she had drunk from them. But the live tracks of her relatives who had preceded her were always visible and from them she gained heart and courage to follow.

Four seasons, each with its special foods, passed during her travels. Fruit and roots and plants and vegetable foods of all kinds ripened more or less as the drought in that area was in its seventh year. The native peach and custard apple, "potato" root and "cucumber," were all small and scanty, but they were food. Beetles, ant eggs, white ants, birds, all served their turn for a meal. Nabbari's totem, a small marsupial,

game, and was taught by Nabbari to share his kill. Now they were in the wallaby country, and Nabbari marked accurately with sticks the many wilba hills they traversed.

They came next upon the swamps, dried up but still affording some kinds of food, and ever the tracks of her relations were becoming fresher and more numerous.

Then at last they came upon the jumble of hills in the hollow of which lies Ooldea Water (Yooldil Gabbi), and from one of these Nabbari looked down into the great plain (Oondiri) which was the home of the great man-eating snake, the railway. But all round and about hill and valley were the fresh tracks of those whom she knew, and she was aware that she was not far from the camp of her people.

God Rest You Merry, Gentlemen, Let Nothing You Dismay



NOW TO THE LORD SING PRAISES, ALL YOU WITHIN THIS PLACE, AND WITH TRUE LOVE AND BROTHERHOOD EACH OTHER NOW EMBRACE

In the arid areas she drank mallee root water, and when she came upon a little rock hole whose opening was small she tied some grass to a stick and sponged up the precious water. She had heard of this rock-hole in the legends of her group. She shook the heavy dewdrops into her weerra from the small bushes and herbage. Every track of snake and ground animal was followed up, and so food was obtained. Her fire-stick was never allowed to go out, because it is forbidden to women to make fire: that is man's work.

Nabbari journeyed along tracks she knew would lead to water. Certain marks—a broken bush, a stone in a tree, a long rush pointing in a special direction—told their tale to her, and she followed or made wide detours according to the signs, for if she had crossed a taboo mark other mobs following her track would kill or maim her. So, though she was alone in the vastness of the empty centre of Australia she

terrified Barradjuguna that he had gone back to his own country to join the mob that had been beaten in the fight when he was wounded.

When Nabbari reached Rugu-nyuarba Water she knew that that was the ultimate boundary of her own mob. With the aid of little sticks stuck in the ground denoting the various camps the zigzag nature of the long route was made manifest. There was never a mistake in the direction, for every native can strike toward any point of the compass as straight as a bird. Nabbari knew that Ooldea Water was south, and however she turned aside for water, or to follow game, she kept her southern way.

After she had left her own country, the land she was passing through was quite unknown, but lizard and iguana and every living thing in that vast unknown land had its familiar signs to show her, and she traversed it in safety. She knew from the tales of her people

was plentiful until its habitat boundary was reached.

Murgarce Water was recognised as a legendary water, and the tracks of the preceding mob led Nabbari to it only to find it dry, for it is only a semi-permanent water. She had to go back toward Nabbari Gabbi (her name had been given her from the water root of a species of eucalyptus called Nabbari), but the previous group had rested there for some time and had eaten up the food. But little patches of an edible grass seed (wong-unu) had come up, and these were pounded by the stones found in their locality. Nabbari masticated the seeds and then cooked them, there being no water to make a damper of them.

From Nabbari Gabbi and the spinifer country the two travellers passed into the sandhill country. Marburning was often carried on Nabbari's shoulders or across her back when his lameness became acute, and the little dingo puppy taught himself the art of finding

The little white dots on the Plain's edge that were the houses of the white settlers had no meaning for her. She took courage, however, to light a little fire and make a "woman smoke" signal.

Mindari and others at once went out in answer to the smoke, and as Mindari was the first to reach her she became his woman. So when Nabbari, naked, with bright seeds fastened in the strands of her hair and hanging over her eyes like a fly swish, came to my camp over the last hill Mindari was not far away. But, with due regard for dramatic effect, he sent Nabbari and Marburning to make their own acquaintance with me, Kabbarli—grandmother.

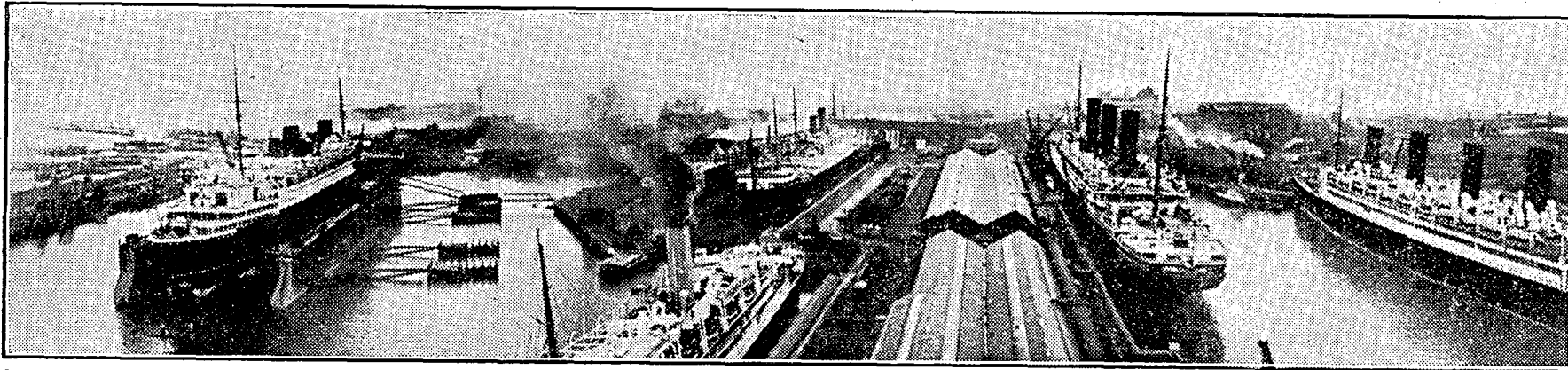
No questions were asked on this our first meeting. Food and clothing and a welcome were given, and the big happy sigh that came from Nabbari, now that she was at her journey's end, was eloquent of the long strain of traversing that unknown country, and of the innate courage of the woman herself.

December 21, 1929

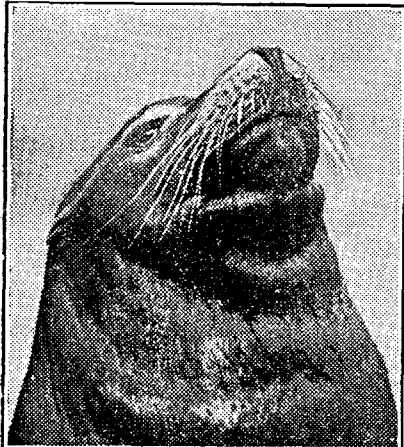
The Children's Newspaper

9

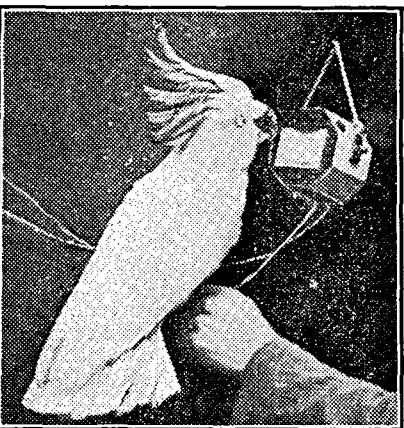
OVERHAULING LINERS • A CHRISTMAS HAMPER • THAMES FLOODS



Ocean Greyhounds at Rest—At this time of the year the great liners are overhauled. On the left of this photograph taken at Southampton is the *Bremen*, which holds the Atlantic speed record, in the floating dock; in the foreground is the *Arcadian*; beyond her, in dry dock, is the *Empress of Scotland*; and on the right are the *Berengaria* and the *Aquitania*.



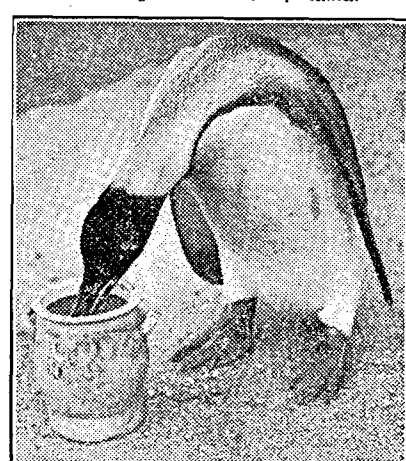
A Zoo Portrait—Old Bill, a sea-lion at the London Zoo, adopts a very stern countenance when posing for his portrait.



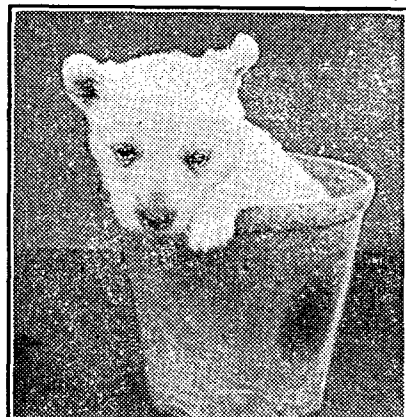
Polly Calling—Perhaps this cockatoo thinks the microphone is an excellent means of wishing us all a Merry Christmas.



A Christmas Hamper—The cheery little girl enjoying a ride in this hamper is one of forty children in a Leytonstone Home who are hoping to be adopted in time for Christmas. Many lovers of children have adopted babies from this Home.



Dinner Time—While waiting for the keeper to bring his dinner this penguin looks into an old pot that might contain fish.



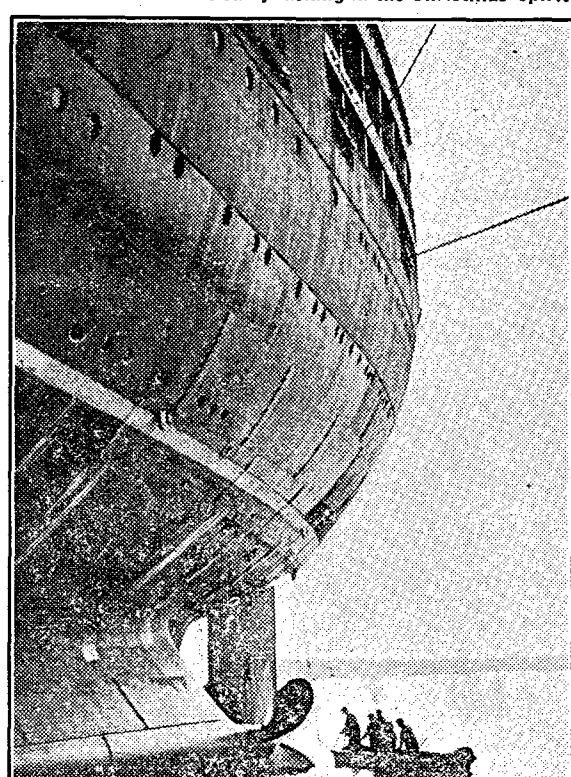
The Pessimist—This baby West Highland terrier photographed in a flower-pot seems to be sadly lacking in the Christmas spirit.



Thames Floods—This picture of two boys feeding swans from the fence of a flooded garden shows how the Thames has invaded Lower Halliford, a village in Middlesex.



Music Hath Charms—Music is likely to have no small part in the Christmas festivities at the Watts Naval School at Elham in Norfolk, as suggested by this picture.



Underneath a Liner—Here we have an excellent idea of the immense size of the *Bremen*, seen at the top of the page. The workmen are inspecting her propellers in the floating dock.

ALAS FOR THE POOR FISHES

THE WORK OF SUN AND DROUGHT

Effects of Hot and Cold Weather in the Water

MYSTERIES OF THE THAMES

We so often hear of widespread death among our river fishes that experience has taught us to regard some factory which has poured its waste into the river as responsible. Science is beginning to teach us that there are other causes.

There was heavy mortality among fishes in the Thames near Castle Eaton last summer, and the Conservancy Board set their experts to work in the expectation that once more poison had been introduced into the river through industrial processes.

The result is surprising. It was not poison that was responsible, but the Sun and drought.

Boiled to Death

There were parts of the Thames during the drought where the water hardly formed a continuous river, but, as at Castle Eaton, lay in a series of linked lagoons. One of the tributaries of the Thames, the river Churn, also proved unkind to its fish, and there the main factor resembled that which had been doing the damage to fish life in the Thames proper.

The water was low, the Sun was intensely hot day after day, and night brought no cooling. The temperature of the water mounted day by day till it reached 78 degrees (F.). The result was that the water lost so much oxygen that there remained not enough for the fishes to breathe. They suffocated in unoxygenated water, as we suffocate when plunged into water or are in other ways deprived of air.

That explains the mystery of the dead fish in the Thames last summer. It explains also the mystery of a great destruction of salmon in the River Wye in the summer of seven years ago. Then, as during the present year, we had great heat and little rain. The salmon were running up river from the sea and died in alarming numbers. It was said locally that the fish were being "boiled to death," but the temperature of the water was only 70 degrees. As the river was very low it is obvious that the Wye salmon died of lack of oxygen as the Thames fish did this year.

Chilled to Death

So our fresh-water fish are really as intolerant of heat as we are. In fact, they are less accommodating. Unlike them, we do not die in bulk in conditions of moderate adversity, but adapt ourselves and survive. Nor are they our equal in confronting cold. Some years ago the Thames lost shoals of fish which floated dead at points where water from the land was introduced. The weather was hot at the time, but it was not lack of depth that was responsible. It was found that the damage had been done by the inflowing water, which came swirling down after heavy floods, was intensely cold, and chilled the little fish to death.

That was only a river incident, but a cold current of water entering the north Atlantic some years ago was so deadly in its effect that it killed millions of fish.

Last Month's Weather

LONDON		RAINFALL	
Sunshine	66 hours	Holyhead	7'16 ins.
Rainfall	4'95 ins.	Southampton	6'81 ins.
Dry days	12	Croydon	6'34 ins.
Wet days	18	Dublin	4'49 ins.
Warmest day	8th	Aberdeen	3'44 ins.
Coldest day	18th	Edinburgh	2'63 ins.

THE OBSTINATE TRUSTEES

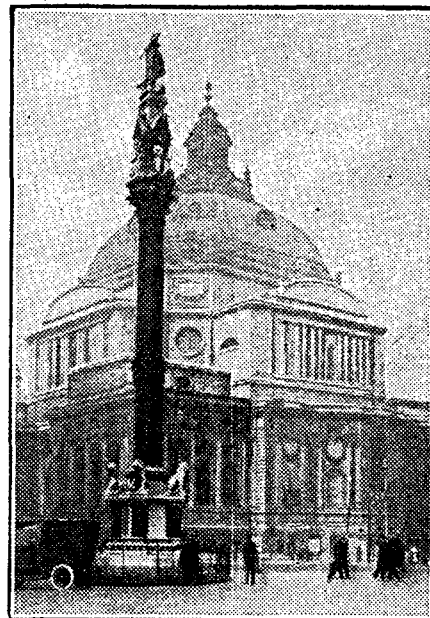
Why the Central Hall is Shabby

THE EASY WAY OF PUTTING RIGHT A WRONG TO LONDON

We have been requested by one of the most important tenants of the Central Hall buildings at Westminster to make one more effort to persuade the Trustees to finish the Hall and cover up its shabby front.

"We are but tenants," say our correspondents, "and the limit of our privileges is the regular payment of rent, but no one will rejoice more heartily when the exterior of the Hall is worthily completed. More power to your pen."

We gladly respond to this suggestion, but the C.N. regrets that it cannot carry out a suggestion made in another quarter that it should raise a fund for the completion of the work. This is unfortunately not possible. The sum required is in any case small, and we have suggested in the picture on this page that, failing any other scheme for finishing the Hall, the unfinished façade should be treated like the other three



How the Central Hall might be finished at a cost of a few hundred pounds

sides of the base of the dome. In that case the Hall would appear as we show it here, and this transformation could be effected at the cost of a few hundred pounds. We have reason to believe that there are in the Methodist churches many rich men who would be only too glad to bear the expense of this work if they were allowed to do so.

It is not, unfortunately, a question of money; it appears to have become a question of the obstinacy of the Trustees of the Central Hall. It is by their desire that this piece of ugliness is inflicted upon Westminster and that this humiliation is allowed to befall all those earnest and devoted members of the Wesleyan Church who subscribed to the Million Guineas Fund. It is not their fault that their enthusiasm has been betrayed in this way and that their great fund ends in this anticlimax. We thank our correspondents, but we fear that all that can now be done is for London to wait patiently until time, in the natural course of things, compels attention to this thing and ends it.

In a year L.C.C. schoolchildren have saved £36,453 in the penny savings bank run by the teachers.

100 Miles From London

A C.N. reader writes to tell us of an interesting signpost at Atherstone, near Birmingham, with three sides on which are written: Liverpool 100 miles, London 100 miles, Lincoln 100 miles.

IS NEW ZEALAND LAGGING BEHIND?

A surprising letter has come to the C.N. from one of its readers in New Zealand. It makes one wonder whether that greatly respected Dominion, which has often led the way in political progress, is keeping fully in touch with the most vital movement of the present age.

As General Smuts has pictured the position, with the insight of true statesmanship, "we are beholding an amazing thing—we are witnessing one of the great miracles of history. One epoch closes in the history of the world and another opens. War follows feudalism into the limbo of the past." But this, apparently, New Zealand does not see. It is intent on training its children in the practices and traditions of war. This, at any rate, may be gathered from the following letter:

As a New Zealand reader of the C.N. I feel prompted to write to you with regard to the fact that New Zealand, although a member of the League of Nations, is still rearing her boys with the idea of having an army of soldiers, and this in spite of the objections of nearly all their parents.

Boy Soldiers

Our boys are compelled to go to camp and undergo military drill, rifle practice, etc., at the age of 18. But this, to our minds, is not so bad as the fact that *military drill, in complete khaki uniform, and rifle practice with proper army rifles, is a compulsory subject in Secondary Schools for all boys who will be 14 before the end of the school year.*

If we wish to give our boys a good education we are compelled to submit to them wearing a cadet's uniform and carrying and firing with a rifle which is too heavy for them to hold steadily at the age of 13.

No attempt seems to be made to ascertain the physical fitness of these boys. The uniform and rifle are issued without any medical examination, and one finds that boys who are far under the average height and weight of their 13 years are compelled to drill unless their parents secure a doctor's certificate saying they are suffering from some recognised complaint.

Four Years of Training

Many boys who know that they would never pass the medical test for the Territorials have therefore been compelled for four years to undergo military training without any option, and are then declared unfit.

Conscription at 18 may be all right, but is it fair to make us submit to it at 13 if we wish our boys to receive a good education?

If my letter is worthy of your consideration I hope publicity will help our Government to see the error of its ways.

All of us must respect New Zealand's desire to play its part honourably as one of the nations in the British Commonwealth, but in face of the world's pledged attitude toward peace, and its renunciation of war, this militarising of boyhood seems to us singularly out of harmony with the best and most hopeful aims of our time.

Manchester is making six new engines for South African railways.

Torquay is putting tablets on fifty interesting houses in the town.

Saving the Birds

A Croydon man has been fined £2 at Kingston for netting wild birds and using birds as decoys.

The Airways

The route miles operated by British air-lines last year were 2215, compared with Germany's 18,000, America's 10,932, and Russia's 8690.

Two Cats Go Home

Two cats taken from Church Stretton in Shropshire to Atherton in Lancashire have found their way back to their old home 70 miles away.

Kerensky

Kerensky, the revolutionary who overthrew the Tsar in 1917 and was in turn overthrown, watched the House of Lords the other night.

THE SAD TRUTH ABOUT JIMMY

Zoo Favourites That Fall From Grace

THE ELEPHANT THAT BEGGED FOR A SECOND CHANCE

By Our Zoo Correspondent

When Zoo favourites fall from grace and are told they can no longer be trusted to play with their visitors they are not, as a rule, particularly upset.

The outburst of temper that has robbed them of their privileges is a sure sign that their feelings toward mankind are undergoing a change; the animals have no longer a desire to be petted, though they may remain on friendly terms with a few people whom they have known for some time.

But although this applies to the majority of Zoo pets who have disgraced themselves there are exceptions, and Jimmy, the eldest of the three performing chimpanzees, is one.

Jealousy and Regret

Jimmy lost his temper one day and scratched a child's face, and has given several indications that he cannot be trusted; yet the ape still wants to come out of his cage to play with his friends and is suffering greatly from jealousy and regret.

During the summer Jimmy did not seem to regret the privileges he had lost, for each afternoon he was taken out of doors to take part in the Chimpanzees' Tea Party; and even if he could not be petted by visitors he was admired and praised by them. But now that Zoo visitors are scarce and life is less exciting Jimmy is often very unhappy.

If he sees one of his old friends entering the Monkey House he begins to scream and, rushing to the door communicating with the service passage, kicks it violently; then, still screaming, he rolls over and over as if in agony and finally crouches in a corner and "cries."

Naturally the onlookers are distressed, for they think that the poor creature is in physical pain and wonder why nothing is being done for him. They do not know that Jimmy screams and kicks because he remembers the days when he went through the door to play; and that he cries because he knows his screams and kicks are in vain.

Runaway Elephant

In the past there have been disgraced Zoo favourites who have tried to win their way into favour again. One was an elephant who bolted one day when she was being taken out to give rides to young visitors. Never again was she allowed out in the Gardens, yet she seemed to be trying to show that her lapse was due to nerves not temper, for when children offered her buns she was extraordinarily gentle; and when a baby elephant was placed in her den she did her best to care for it.

As adult animals do not often adopt the partly-reared offspring of one of their kinsfolk her tenderness to the little elephant was a surprise. But even this good deed was not taken as proof of her right to be trusted. Once a Zoo favourite falls from his pedestal he can never get back again.

THIS FREEDOM

No more than 3000 people live in Whaley Bridge, Derbyshire, and they must surely be the most governed community in Britain.

They have two county, one urban, and three parish councils, two boards of guardians, a joint sewerage board, and a joint parks committee. There are two licensing bodies and three ecclesiastical parishes, the parishes being divided between the provinces of Canterbury and York, and, being in two dioceses, two archdeacons and two rural deaneries.

No wonder Whaley is in revolt and demands reform.

AURIGA OVERHEAD

THE MILKY WAY

Pair of Giant Suns Revolving at 70 Miles a Second

THE GOAT AND THE KIDS

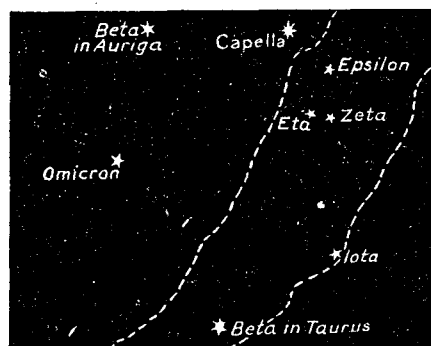
By the O.N. Astronomer

The constellation of Auriga is now almost overhead by 10 o'clock, and may be readily located by its splendid first-magnitude star Capella, the brightest in this region of the sky.

Our star-map shows the chief stars of this constellation, together with the outline of the Milky Way, which appears to pass through Auriga as a narrowing band of faint light. This light enters Auriga from the rich starry fields of Perseus, which was described in the C.N. for November 16.

The broken line shows the approximate limits of this luminous belt, which is very ill-defined, as the light emanates from many millions of suns whose numbers become gradually reduced toward the edge of this marvellous belt of stellar glory.

When observing there should be no bright artificial lights in the vicinity,



The chief stars of Auriga, showing the outline of the Milky Way

and, of course, a very dark, clear night is necessary to perceive this faint light that has for several thousands of years been travelling to us from those remote clouds of suns.

Auriga is very rich in other stellar wonders, chief of which is Capella, the Goat Star. It is actually composed of two suns, which together radiate 150 times as much light as our Sun, but, owing to their great distance, being about three million times as far away, they only appear to us as a single star.

As may be inferred from the amount of light radiated, these great suns are very much larger than our Sun. One, which is very similar in age and type, possesses four and two-fifths as much material in its constitution, while the smaller and brighter one possesses three and a-third times as much.

These great suns revolve around a central point between them in 104 days at an average distance apart of 56 million miles; and every second they come 19 miles nearer to us.

The Three Kids

Beta in Auriga is also composed of two immense suns. These revolve around a central point almost exactly between them at a terrific rate, averaging about 70 miles a second. They are each about two and one-fifth times as massive as our Sun, one being slightly greater than the other.

As they rotate each one alternately passes slightly in front of the other, as seen from the Earth. This occurs at intervals of nearly 48 hours, when there is a small diminution of their light.

Below and to the right of Capella are the three stars popularly known as the Kids. They are Epsilon, Zeta, and Eta. These are even greater suns and, like the foregoing, are at immense distances. Eta is nearly 15 million times as far off as our Sun, Zeta about 76 million times, and Epsilon farther off, as well as can be ascertained at present. But even as seen from the suns at these vast distances, the Milky Way would still appear dim and remote.

G. F. M.

WHO IS HE?

There is a strange man living a strange life on a Pacific island nearly 600 miles from Ecuador.

He is one of the world's mysteries, and this is an age which loves to unravel mysteries, whether they be found in the pages of a novel or the test-tubes of a laboratory.

This particular mystery lives on San Cristobal, one of the Galapagos Islands, which were the haunts of buccaneers and pirates for so many years. Here these adventurers found free anchorage, fresh water, tropic fruits, and no natives to spy on them when they buried treasure-chests. Now the islands belong to Ecuador and do a certain amount of trade in guano and orchilla moss.

The Peon

Some years ago there appeared among the peons who worked in the plantations of Señor Cobos a red-bearded, hawk-nosed, blue-eyed man, very different from the swarthy folk with whom he laboured. Now, peonage is first cousin to slavery, because the peon receives no wage and is generally a debtor condemned to serve the man to whom he owes money. The red-haired man seemed quite content to toil all day for the sake of his food. He did not grumble or seek friends, and seemed to ask nothing except to be left alone.

Nevertheless, Señor Cobos talked to this peon, and soon discovered that he was perfectly versed in European literature and knew all about world politics. Visitors to the estate who met him were so impressed by his manners and his knowledge that they all agreed in saying: "He has been a great man. He has been a diplomat or a governor, or perhaps he has been a marshal."

But the peon persists in saying that he is only Arthur Zeen, a Russian engineer, who went to South America after the revolution. There his enemies found him, and so he retreated to the Pacific island where he now works.

An Educated Man

Why, people ask, should a simple engineer have enemies who pursue him from Russia to South America? Some believe that he is Rasputin, the monk whose body was thrown into the Volga; others believe him to be a Russian aristocrat who took a dangerous part in politics. Certainly it is strange that a man so highly educated, a master of English, German, French, Spanish, Italian, and Russian speech, should choose to be a peon on a Pacific island instead of seeking well-paid work as translator, teacher, or engineer in a European capital.

There can be no doubt that the red-haired man has a history.

After several years of bondage Señor Cobos gave this man two and a half acres of land, and Zeen built himself a little house on it. He grows his own food and does not have to work as a peon any more. Someone sends him a paper devoted to literature, art, and world politics. He is perfectly content, though his clothes are the veriest rags and his home is without any comfort.

To a visitor who tried to discover his secret and offered to send him books he said that he would not have time to read them.

"My life is so full," declared the ragged man with the bearing of a king; and off he went to dig his vegetable plot.

Is he a hermit sick of the world, or someone hiding from vengeance?

WINNER OF THE FIRST PRIZE

Some people have a knack of turning bad luck into good. Among them is the guest who was driving to a Book Title Dance at Hatch End when his car came to grief on the way. Instead of getting himself taken home and put to bed he effected repairs and appeared at the dance as The Rough Road.

People thought it the most realistic costume at the dance, and he won the first prize.

THE GREAT MILK FLOOD

TOO MUCH

The Strange Mystery of British Dairy Farming

KEEPING UP THE PRICE

There seems some likelihood of our having too much milk. Such is the warning of Mr. J. F. Blackshaw, of the Ministry of Agriculture.

Dairy farming on the scientific basis now practised is a modern development of British farming. It has been the salvation of agriculture in many counties in times of depression. Yet even dairy farming can be overdone, it seems.

Consumers grumble, not without reason, at having to pay sevenpence a quart for milk during eight months of the year, yet we are told the time will come when there will be more milk day by day and month by month than we shall be able either to drink or to use for custards, puddings, and the purposes of manufacture. Yet milk is so dear that charitable institutions have to drain their resources to provide this necessary of life for the poor.

An Astonishing Thing

The increase in supplies is due not only to the increase in milch cows, but to the improvement of stock. We hear much of individual cows which give 3000 gallons and more a year. Those are the champions of their kind and are not to be matched by the common run of the herds of the country. Still, it is an astonishing thing that within the last ten years the average annual yield of milk from British cows has increased by 74 gallons a head, from 599 to 673.

The time may be coming when conditions in the dairy industry will resemble those in the rubber trade. Rubber was at one time dear, and a luxury in commerce. Then supplies grew and its uses were so extended in a thousand directions that new plantations grew up in various parts of the world and the supply outran the demand. Now the rubber world is waiting for the man who can invent some new want which will consume immense quantities of rubber.

Commercial Processes

Something of the same sort may be witnessed with the national milk supply. Mr. Blackshaw tells us that new means will have to be adopted to induce people to drink more milk. That will not be done so long as the present high prices are imposed.

But Mr. Blackshaw looks to manufactures, as well as to the home, to take more milk. Milk enters into a multitude of commercial processes of which we hear little, and the man who can devise new schemes for manufacturing articles from milk will be hailed as a veritable Columbus of the dairy farm.

TOWNS OR BATTLESHIPS?

Britain is not growing more beautiful, but if everyone were of the mind of the city engineer of Bangor its industrial towns would not so much deface it.

Mr. Price Davies, the Bangor city engineer, described the new industrial town of the future housing 20,000 people, its factories handsome and properly equipped (with smoke-consuming apparatus for the chimneys), and laid out with parks and gardens and fine streets, and all for £5,700,000.

To build such a town would provide work for 2000 men for twenty years, and meanwhile the factories would be employing more.

Such a town, as fine as the best town-planning ingenuity could make it, would cost about the same as two battleships, which would be obsolete long before the town was completed.



At Bedtime!

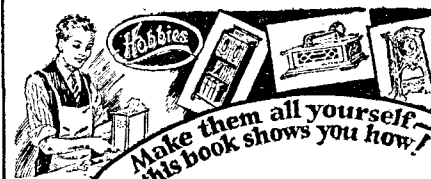
Benger's Food makes a delicious supper dish, soothing, sleep-inducing and very nourishing. It is also the best light diet for all digestive troubles.

From a Doctor:—"Benger's Food is the finest thing to go to bed on."



Sold in tins, 1/4, 2/3, etc.

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A new book of 20 pages interestingly written illustrating the variety of things which can be made. Send a postcard for one to-day to Dept. 9, Hobbies Ltd., Dereham, Norfolk.

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Hobbies Weekly - an interesting journal of all kinds of projects. With large free fretwork designs. Of any news agent, price 2d. every Wednesday.

HOBBIES

Post Orders to Hobbies Ltd.
(Dept. 9) Dereham, Norfolk.

Here he is again! The Famous Sunny Jim Rag Doll

Thousands of kiddies have learned to love this quaint figure. If you have a little boy or girl, there is no reason why Sunny Jim should not be a member of your household too! One foot four inches high, in full colours and stuffed with Real Kapok Down, Sunny Jim is practically unbreakable.

The price is only 1/- if your order is accompanied by the tops from two packets of "Force"—the famous whole wheat flake food.

If your little ones have not yet had "Force" for breakfast, there is a double treat in store for them. Tear off the coupon and send at once.



Something to sing about!

BIRD'S Custard with stewed Prunes

Serve it piping Hot.

AN EAST END HEIRLOOM

The Rich Lady with 2000 Poor Friends

COUNTESS AND HER BRACELET

There is a pleasant secret revealed in the will of Helen Countess Dowager of Radnor who died this year aged 83.

She directed that certain articles should be settled as heirlooms to follow the earldom of Radnor.

It is not strange to find among them the tiara, bracelets, earrings, pendant, and chain of 65 pearls with a diamond clasp all presented to her on her marriage in 1866 by her famous kinsman Lord Chaplin, but then follows a more unusual thing: the bracelet "given to me in 1885 by over 2000 poor people of Bermondsey."

Something to Remember

Thus we know that one of the proudest memories in the great lady's life was that poor people had loved her enough to give her a present. It was more precious to her than all the pearls and diamonds in the shop windows of London. She wished it to be preserved among the heirlooms of a great English family so that in days to come, when everything else about her is forgotten, her descendants shall say, as they show their children her portrait, "that is the countess who had over 2000 friends among the poor people of Bermondsey."

There are not many people of whom a better thing could be said.

BISMARCK MEETS HIS MATCH

The Iron Chancellor's 100 Glass Bottles

In one of Lord D'Abernon's diaries there is a good tale concerning the Iron Chancellor Bismarck, who behaved like a mule at times but once met his match.

Bismarck was ill. They sent for a doctor called Schweniger. The doctor found a rude, grumpy old man who would not answer his questions.

"You had better send for a veterinary surgeon," said the doctor. "I came to treat an intelligent being who could inform and help me."

Thereupon Bismarck became reasonable and civil. Schweniger was made his regular medical attendant, and ruled the man who ruled Germany. Bismarck even submitted when Schweniger, finding 100 bottles of patent medicines in the Chancellor's bedroom, threw them out of the window one after the other! No one else could have done it.

KING ELECTRICITY

Full Speed Ahead

Electricity, swiftest force in the world, comes slowly in Great Britain; but, as Galileo said of the Earth, it moves.

Twelve years from now, when all the pylons are up and every village has its electric light and every workshop its electric power, there will be £650,000,000 invested in our electric supply.

That is a capital second only to that of our railways.

It is necessary only to examine the progress of the electrical industry in Great Britain to see which way the electrical wind is blowing and the electrical current flowing.

In 1907 the industries produced £14,000,000 of material; this year they produced £86,000,000, more than five times as much. In 1911 there were 66,000 workers employed; this year there were three times the number. Before the war we sent only £8,000,000 of electrical goods abroad; they are of two and a half times that value now.

We have begun slowly, but now shall go full speed ahead.

11 MILES THROUGH A MOUNTAIN One of Europe's Greatest Tunnels

Short cuts are constantly making the world smaller and helping the nations to know one another better.

A great new tunnel is to be drilled over eleven miles through the heart of a mountain to link up Italy's new provinces, and as a result Milan and Munich will be brought 74 miles nearer to each other.

This new route through the 9000-foot barrier of the Stelvio Pass between Italy and Austria will also divert much of the Central European traffic to the south, for it will bring Munich 125 miles nearer the port of Genoa than it is to the port of Hamburg.

Ten years have passed since the idea of the Stelvio tunnel, to be the third longest in Europe, was suggested at the Peace Conference in Paris, and it will probably be opened for traffic next year.

THE SHIP IN A FOG

Finding the Way by Counting

A wireless telephone and foghorn are to be tried together on the Clyde at Cumbrae Lighthouse.

When the foghorn sounds a wireless telephone at its side will start counting, the interval between each number being the length of time taken by sound to travel a mile. By wireless, of course, the numbers are heard as soon as they are spoken, but the farther off the ship is the longer it will take the captain to hear the signal. By listening for signals at regular intervals the navigator can calculate from the last figure counted what distance the sound has travelled, and consequently how far off he is from the lighthouse.

THE CAMERA CAN LIE

The camera cannot lie, runs the old saying; but we know that it sometimes does.

Mr. Carveth Jones has been telling the Royal Geographical Society that if you take what is called a natural colour photograph of a red rose it may show quite the wrong shade of redness.

The colour can be largely controlled by the process of development. Therefore "natural colour" photographs cannot be relied on for scientific accuracy.

He took ordinary photographs on his expedition to the Ruwenzori mountains, made notes of the colour of the scene on each occasion, and had the slides painted by hand.

So here is one more thing the hand of man does better than the machine. In spite of the marvels wrought by machinery, people still prefer hand-woven tweeds, hand-made paper, hand-printed linens, and hand-coloured photographs!

A TALE OF A CHEQUE

A pleasing story is being told about the Prime Minister which Scotsmen will treasure as a testimonial to their country.

Long ago Mr. MacDonald was sent a cheque for £200 in payment for an article contributed to an American newspaper, and was so disturbed about the size of it that his secretary inquired if a mistake had been made. Should it not be £20?

The American editor gallantly replied that the £200 had been well and truly meant, whereupon Mr. MacDonald rejoined that £20 was enough, and he would not take more.

If the Chancellor of the Exchequer receives conscience money we have now a Prime Minister who returns it.

IS THE HOUSE CLEAN?

The Thing You Probably Forget

Every day we dust our rooms and wash our domestic utensils. The scrubbing brushes and mops, flannels and pails, dusters and brooms, are diligently employed. The beds are cleaned, the floors are polished, and the hearth is brushed.

And yet nearly all of us leave the really important parts of cleaning a house to chance, or forget all about it until there is a stoppage of flow or outbreak of disease.

We refer to the fact that few people realise that sinks, gullies, drains, cisterns, and so on, require regular overhauling if they are to work well. It is really far more important to give them regular attention than it is to sweep the carpet or to polish the floor. What really wants doing is a regular periodical cleaning of all water connections of every sort, from the kitchen sink to the man-hole chambers of the drains. These things can only be done by people who understand them, and it is as important to make a regular contract about them as it is to have one's windows cleaned regularly.

NANSEN'S SHIP

A Possession of the World

The good ship Fram, specially built for Arctic research, and for ever associated with the great name of Nansen, is falling into decay in a Norwegian harbour. That ought not to be.

The Fram, had a glorious career, and Dr. Nansen has proved himself, in every relation of life, a true hero. The ship ought to be preserved, as long as she can be held together, to be a visible link with the renown of Nansen.

An influential British committee has been formed, under the presidency of Lord Cecil and the chairmanship of Mr. Howard Whitehouse, of the famous Bembridge School in the Isle of Wight, to raise £4000 to repair and protect the ship so that she can be used as a permanent exhibition. Nansen's deeds appeal to the whole world, and to the world the cost of this honourable preservation is small.

The reason why the Fram is decaying so rapidly is curious. Her very strength is her undoing. Built to resist ice pressure and strengthened in every possible way, her timbers are so shielded from the air that they are perishing from lack of ventilation. The timber that resists the fiercest Arctic ice grip crumbles into ruin in the secret dark.

A DAY'S GOOD DEED

One of our readers sends us from a northern city this account of an act of kindness he witnessed.

It was a wretched day and people hurried along with their heads down to avoid the driving rain. I rushed under cover to get a cup of tea just after I had passed an old man selling matches.

Before I had finished my cup the old match-seller entered, sat down near me, and asked for a cup of coffee and a bun. The waitress hesitated a moment, and the old man took her hesitation for doubt whether he could pay, for he held out a handful of coppers.

The waitress said No; it wasn't that, but wouldn't he like something else, for it was very cold outside. He showed her the coppers again; no doubt they were all the money he had, and then she went away.

When she returned she had a tray full of food—a steak, chip potatoes, bread and butter, and a pot of tea, which she put on the table before him, saying "Get on with that."

"Nippy" was paying for it!

LITTLE FIVE-YEAR-OLD Getting Ready for School CHIEF MEDICAL OFFICER WARNS THE NATION

National schools give boys and girls a good start in the world, but Sir George Newman, chief medical officer of the Board of Education, warns the nation that it must be sure to give the children a good start in the school.

Of the three million children who are now waiting to go to school at five, two out of every three are not being properly cared for. The two million whose health is left to chance are those who will become the workers and producers.

The stress of modern life is sometimes too much stressed, but there is one way in which it does touch children who, because of the rush from the country to the towns, have to live in places where there is little light but much noise. They do not get enough sleep.

Perilous Years

The first five years of a child's life are fraught with perils to its health and its activity of mind and body. Infant mortality is being reduced every year. But these first five years want the most careful supervision if a healthy working-class is to grow up.

At present the country has half a million children on its hands who, being under five, are already marked as dull and backward. When they do go to school they will be better looked after, but the damage has been done. They will scarcely ever get the full benefit of school, either physically or mentally.

Sir George Newman brings home the conditions under which the hidden millions live by recording that last year nearly 63,000 died and many more than that were maimed or damaged by the conditions which killed the other little ones.

Take care of the two-year-olds and the three-year-olds, and the five-year-olds will take care of themselves.

LET US TIDY UP

A Book for the Litter Lout

Sometimes we are tempted to despair of the Litter Lout when we find him still strewing his leavings in spite of the appeals of public bodies, newspapers, and owners of parks and domains where the Litter Lout strays.

But because we feel that the only way to reach him is to hammer, hammer, hammer on his thick skull we welcome each and every effort to this end. A very useful one is the little sixpenny book *Let Us Tidy Up*, which is published by the Dryad Press of Leicester.

In it are collected many messages directed at him. The first is from the King himself, who said, when Kenwood Park was opened to the public:

I earnestly hope that all who benefit by the use of Kenwood Park will do their best to assist the authorities to protect it from the unsightly litter which, alas! in so many cases disfigures our parks.

In this little pamphlet are messages from a Labour and a Conservative Prime Minister, a poem by Mr. Punch, and appeals grave and gay from all over the British Isles by people who love the countryside. There is a special notice, which the C.N. heartily endorses, about tram and bus tickets (drop them in the bus); and from a multitude of others we select this one:

*Good friends who to this spot repair
Rest and be thankful, but forbear
With sordid scraps the ground to strew;
Others rest here as well as you.*

And this from Oldham:

*Little bits of paper
Flying in the air
Make our town look ugly.
Do you think that's fair?*



Scrum down for
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FOUR MILLION SLAVES WAITING FOR FREEDOM

A Noble Book of Facts by Lady Simon

Slavery. By Kathleen Simon. (Hodder and Stoughton, 12s. 6d.)

If anyone should think that slavery has disappeared from the world the mistake can be corrected in the most exact way by reading this book on Slavery by Lady Simon, the wife of Sir John Simon.

Slavery in all its forms, in every country where it exists, is traced in this book and exposed in its ugliness and cruelty, and the effect is profoundly impressive and saddening. Taking only slavery in its worst shape, where it means that men, women, and children are regarded solely as property to be bought and sold, where the ties of fatherhood and motherhood are utterly ignored and parents and children may be parted by purchase like animals at a fair, there are at least four million such slaves on the Earth, probably more.

Facts the World Should Know

With the utmost care Lady Simon tells her readers where these human creatures, treated as if they were animals without rights, are to be found, and what are the conditions that allow such a state of things to be, demoralising alike to the slave and the owner.

The whole world ought to know the facts here collected in a form that anyone can understand, for it is only by the whole civilised world bringing its opinion to bear on the States that allow slavery that they can be shamed into a change. The C.N. feels it is its duty to tell which these States are, and why each of them allows this ghastly evil to exist. The worst of all the States perpetuating

slavery is Abyssinia, for though it has applied to be a member of the League of Nations, and has through its most powerful ruler renounced the principle of slavery, it not only retains slavery as an institution but is constantly by forcible means *making more slaves and selling them into bondage*. Slaves in Abyssinia are a most important form of wealth. They are used as a kind of currency. They are sold; they are given away as presents; they are paid away to settle accounts in taxation.

And this is done in a country that calls itself Christian.

The Evil in Abyssinia

Abyssinia has about ten million people, of whom four millions are of the ruling Abyssinian race and about six millions belong to other African tribes. Of this population two millions are slaves. They are constantly being recruited by raids across the Abyssinian frontier and the seizure and carrying-off of subjects of other nations, although the boundary is patrolled as a defence. There are records of 139 such raids upon tribes that are under British protection.

The root of the whole evil is that Abyssinia sanctions the *owning* of slaves. There are half a dozen rulers in half a dozen separated mountain regions, and all of them own slaves. No one of them is strong enough to destroy this ancient institution of slavery. *The Abyssinian Church owns slaves, defends slavery, and quotes the Hebrew Scriptures as a warrant for doing so!*

What, then, can be done to abolish slavery in this remote mountain land?

The one definite proposal made in Lady Simon's book is that the League of Nations should take the matter in hand, possibly by nominating strong-minded advisers to assist Ras Tafari, the most powerful and advanced of Abyssinian rulers, and so far subsidise Abyssinian rulers as to free them from needing revenue from slavery.

Arabia is the next country that has slavery established in its midst by law, custom, and religious sanction. The Arab quotes the Koran as sanctioning it. Possibly Arabia includes a million slaves in its population. They are brought there across the Red Sea from Abyssinia and by way of the Persian Gulf. It is calculated that there are 5000 imported additions to the Arabian ranks of slavery every year. The chief ruler of Arabia is willing to cooperate in the suppression of the *trade*, but possibly not in uprooting the institution.

The Child Slaves of China

The suppression of this evil in Africa is never easy, for slavery has existed there time out of mind. Great Britain has found it difficult to enforce the freedom of all men in the outlying parts of such a Protectorate as Sierra Leone. In the remoter parts of the Sudan it is impossible to be sure that nomadic tribes are not continuing the immemorial custom of slavery after the law has declared general freedom; and weakly governed regions like Liberia, founded to give liberty to slaves, have failed to control the warlike chiefs in the remoter parts of the region which ranks as a Protectorate.

China has millions of child slaves sold into servitude by poverty-stricken parents, and a Chinese Wilberforce is greatly needed to arouse the awakening Chinese nation to a sense of its disgrace.

The intrusion of the Chinese custom of child-slavery into Hong Kong has now been definitely banned by the British Government.

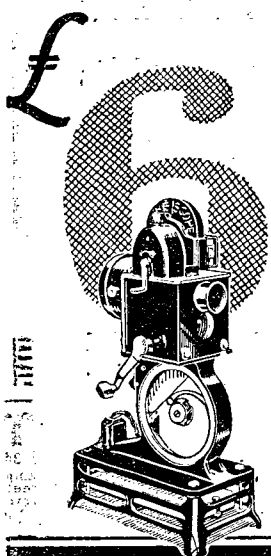
Fine work has been done in excluding the usages of slavery from penetrating across the Chinese borders into British Burma, and the late Maharajah of Nepal, Sir Chandra Shumshere Jang, made himself an everlasting name by his abolition of slavery in that Himalayan State.

Notable Emancipators

Lady Simon's book goes beyond the grossest form of slavery, in which human beings are treated as mere property, and explains in detail the various insidious forms of servitude by which men are held in bondage through debt; peonage in South America, contract labour in Portuguese Africa and elsewhere, and forced labour through arrangements with native chiefs: all evils that need incessant watchfulness and humane control. She also gives sketches of the lives of seven notable emancipators: Granville Sharp, William Wilberforce, Thomas Clarkson, Zachary Macaulay, Thomas Fowell Buxton, John Smith, and David Livingstone, of whom by no means the least is the least known: John Smith.

All friends of liberty will feel they owe a deep debt of gratitude to Lady Simon for summarising so completely and well the world's need for further efforts on behalf of a great cause.

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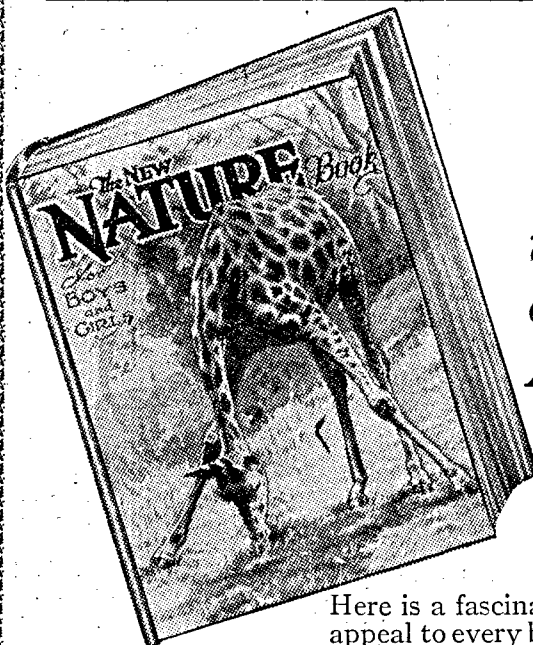
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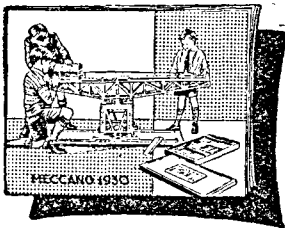
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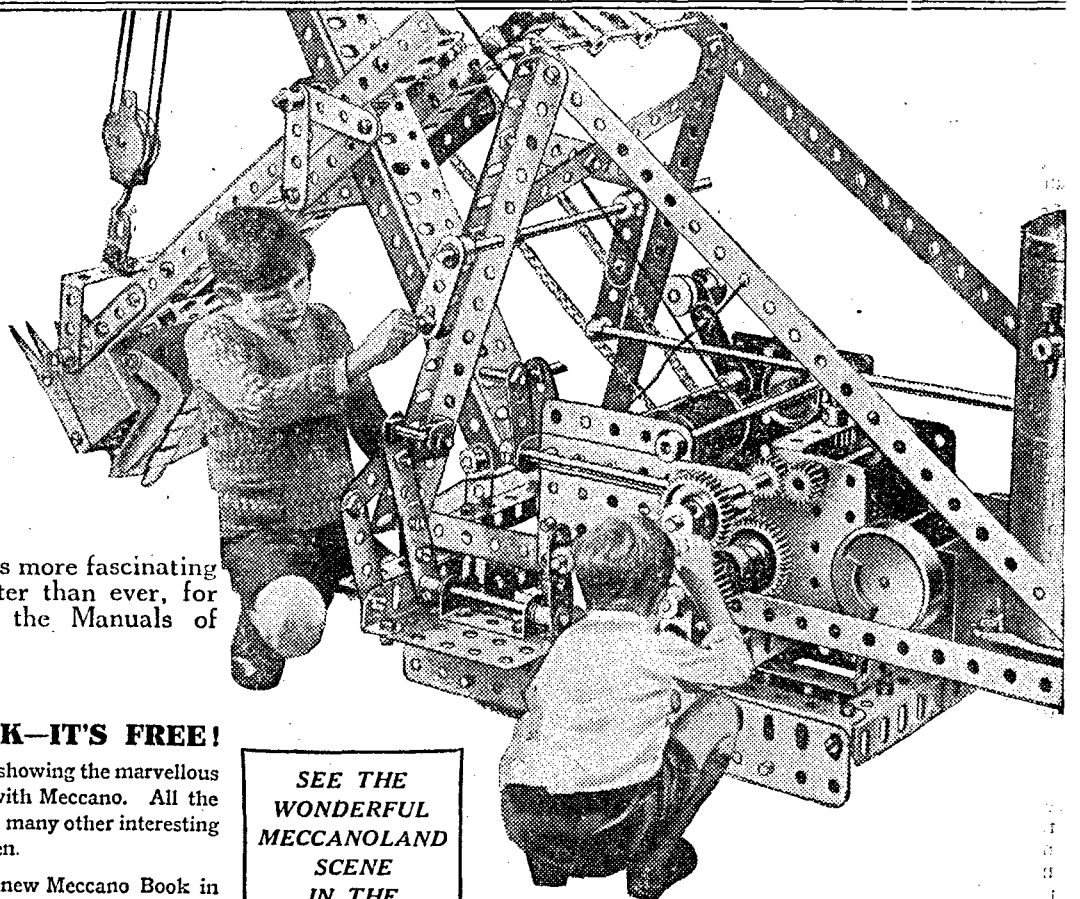


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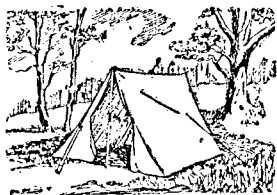
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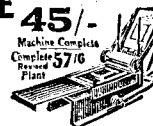
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THE SHADOW

A Serial Story by
Gunby Hadath

CHAPTER 25

The Colonel Takes a Walk

THEN Major Chris said, "All right; I withdraw my suggestion. Whatever Scharner was doing in Market Torridge he doesn't seem to have been very frank with you, Peter. But, to do him justice, there is no mortal reason, of course, why he should account for his movements to any of us. But you and I, friend Peter, leave him out of our confidence."

Peter nodded as a patter of rain brushed the leaves and put an end to their conference for the time being.

The rain fell steadily for the rest of the day. The glass was falling. The weather appeared to have broken. In the morning dark clouds were brooding over the moor. Colonel Grevel, who had been restlessly pacing the drive, turned suddenly and, re-entering the house with a brisk step, summoned Charity and bade her inform her mother that he wouldn't be in for lunch.

"I'm getting out of condition," he said, with a laugh. "I want exercise. I'm going for a long walk." With which he took his rainproof and stick and strode off.

It was only after he had been gone for some little time that they noticed he had not taken Odin with him. Nor might they have noticed it then if the great Dane himself had not appeared from some occupation of his own and hurried here and there in search of his master. When his eyes had questioned them unavailingly it was all they could do to persuade him to stay where he was. It was Charity who persuaded him. Charity pressed the top of his head with her lips.

"Odin dear," she consoled him, "don't feel neglected. I'll tell you why Dad didn't take you. He was afraid your poor legs might not stand a long walk yet."

With an air of extreme indignation Odin lay down again.

Colonel Grevel was not back for tea. He was not back by dinner-time, so the meal was kept waiting; still he did not appear. After they had dined in an uneasy fashion instead of seeking the terrace they assembled in the hall, Major Chris in his favourite place in the chimney-corner, Mrs. Grevel with her fancy-work under the light, Mr. Scharner poring over his book, Peter and Charity talking together in whispers.

Thus they waited, while dusk came down and a moaning wind rose, and the night grew too cold and raw to sit with the door open.

Presently Mrs. Grevel looked up at Abbot, who kept coming in and out aimlessly.

"Your master," she said, as though reassuring herself, "has taken these long walks before today, hasn't he, Abbot, and not returned till ever so late at night?"

Abbot inclined his head.

"Yes, madam," he answered. "He calls it—if you'll excuse me—walking his fat off."

"But he's always in the pink of condition," smiled Charity. "Dad's as hard as nails. You know he is, Abbot!"

"The fittest man in the county," said Major Chris curtly.

"Abbot, have you switched all the lights on upstairs?"

"Yes, and everywhere, madam. The master can't miss his way."

Mr. Scharner's eyes came up from his book. "I shouldn't get anxious, Mrs. Grevel," he said.

But one of their number was palpably growing more anxious. This was Odin, who lay stretched close up to the door, pressing his nose against the crack at the threshold and uttering broken growls deep down in his throat.

Abbot was for letting him go off to look. But Major Chris had vetoed this.

"Keep him," he whispered. "We may have a special use for him later on."

And, reading their significance into the words, Abbot had caught his breath and his ruddy cheeks paled.

So they sat and listened for the step on the gravel, trying to talk now and then, but always desisting, till at last nothing broke their hush but the clock's solemn ticking as minute after minute was born and expired. In the chimney the brooding figure sat motionless; at her little table Mrs. Grevel stitched on, but her fingers were fumbling and sometimes she lowered her needle to stare straight before her. Mr. Scharner never raised his head from his book.

"Hush!" Mrs. Grevel had started. "Did you hear anything?"

"It was only the wind."

"I thought I heard someone calling."

Peter ran to the door. With his clutch on Odin's collar, he looked out into the darkness. He went a few yards down the drive. "No, listen!" he called back. "There! It's only the wind."

A fiercer gust lashed the branches and boughs as he spoke.

"Could you see down the drive, Peter?" He was back at the door.

"I could," he cried, "if I had a torch."

"There was no one in the drive? You heard no one moving?"

"No, no one," he answered.

Abbot joined him. Abbot stood tense at the door.

"There's nobody, madam," he said. "It was only the wind."

"It is time that we sent out to search."

This came in a quiet voice from Major Chris, who took command at once, Mrs. Grevel concurring. He had the manservants roused and divided into three parties under Abbot, Budgett, and the head groom. They lined up in front of his chair to receive their instructions.

"Abbot's party," he said, "will search the main track. The others will beat the moor to the right and the left. And make sure before you start that all torches are charged." Then his tired eyes scanned them again. "Where's Guymer?" he asked.

"He's not in his room, sir. We couldn't find him," one answered.

Unconsciously Peter started and stared at his friend. But not a muscle on that impassive face quivered.

"Then that can't be helped." The remark fell lightly enough. "But if you come across the chap take him along with you."

"To which party shall I attach myself, Major Ferne?" Mr. Scharner was standing beside the others.

But Major Chris shook his head.

"No, you don't know the moor as these men do," he said firmly. "And it wouldn't do, would it, to lose you as well, Mr. Scharner?"

For a moment the other seemed about to protest. Then his thin lips compressed; he gave Major Chris a sharp glance and returned to his book, while the searchers passed with grave steps into the night.

With Abbot went Odin.

CHAPTER 26

Night

MIDNIGHT struck without any news from the search-parties, and Mrs. Grevel began to look more relieved.

"Had he met with an accident near the house they would have certainly sent word by now," she explained. "I feel confident that he is passing the night with some friend somewhere. At Market Torridge. It is possible that he walked all the way there and dined with one of his magistrate friends."

"It's a pity we're not on the telephone," Charity remarked.

Mrs. Grevel nodded and turned to Major Chris, whose gaze had been very quietly searching her face.

"Well," she asked, "shall we call the search parties in?"

"Not just yet," he replied, "although I hope you are right." He paused. "Perhaps you'd let me make a suggestion?"

"What suggestion?"

"That we send one of the grooms on horseback to Market Torridge and another to Riding?"

"What to do there?" she uttered.

"To inquire of the police."

They saw her eyes start, as her hand went up to her mouth in the gust of agitation which swept her.

"Not that! Not that!" she was gasping in a choked voice.

Charity sprang to her side.

"But, Mummy," she implored, "that isn't suggesting that Dad has met with an accident. It's only—"

"A simple precaution," Major Chris interjected.

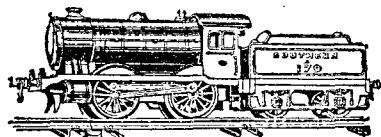
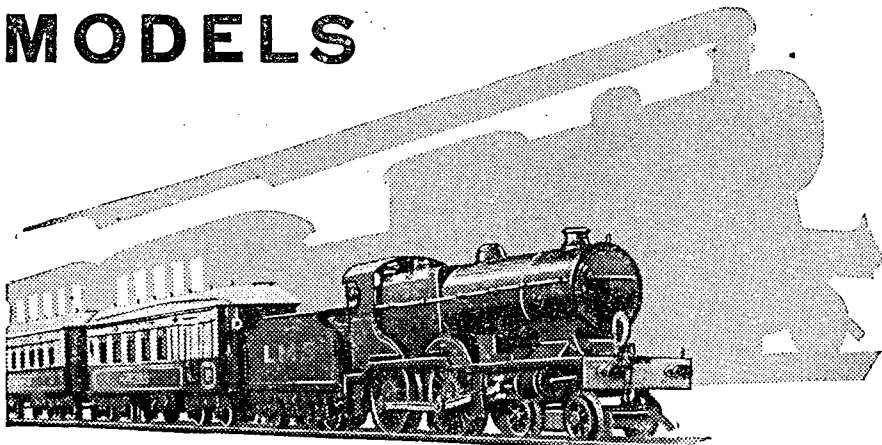
But Mrs. Grevel was shrinking back in her place till she looked, Peter thought, like a stricken creature at bay. She mastered herself to give him a wan little smile, and something told him that that wan little smile was a brave smile, the smile of a very brave woman fighting some terror.

Instinctively he joined Charity at her side.

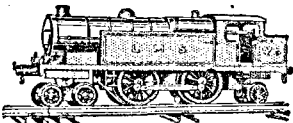
With an effort she turned back to Major Chris. "You know," she faltered, "how my husband hates fuss. When he returns I know he'll be annoyed if he finds we've fussed to send the police out in search of him. Oh, believe me, Major Chris, that I know what I'm saying."

Continued on page 18

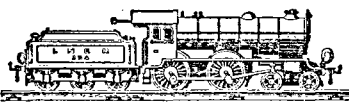
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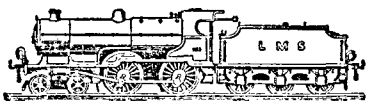
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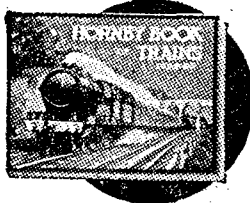
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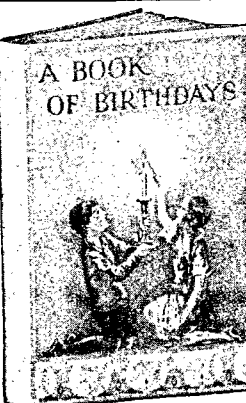
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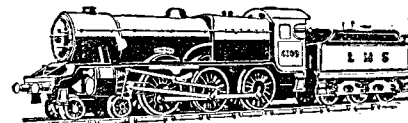
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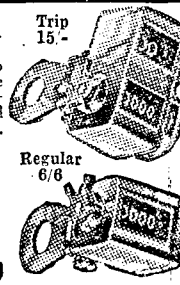
Milestones on his mind

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"I must believe you, Mrs. Grevel," he answered. His tones were gentle and soothing. "And no doubt you're right. The Colonel will be spending the night with some friend." He glanced at Peter. "Peter, your bedtime!" he rapped.

"We are all going up," said Mrs. Grevel, and rose. Mr. Scharner had risen, too. He was yawning. "Are you sitting up all night?" he asked Major Chris.

"Oh, none of you need bother yourselves about me. It won't be the first time I've sat here all night, Mr. Scharner." Then Peter begged to be allowed to sit up as well.

"At any rate for a part of the time, Major Chris. You may want a messenger." "And so I may," owned Major Chris. "Very well. I told the search parties to report at two o'clock at the latest. You shall stay till then, Peter."

So the others went off. It was nearly a quarter to one. The two began to keep their vigil in silence. Peter, crouching close to the invalid chair, would have whispered excitedly, but his companion stopped him by putting a hand on his lips. The house was strangely quiet; but outside the house the wind was moaning and muttering.

At two o'clock the first search party returned; a few minutes later the others entered the hall. None had any news, no trace had been found. So after they had been given hot coffee and sandwiches they were sent to their beds, Major Chris informing them carefully that he had reason now to suppose that their master was staying with a friend. One grumbled, "Then you might have recalled us before, sir."

This passed without rebuke, to Peter's astonishment. Instead came that slow, measuring smile and dwelt on the man. "Yes, I'm sorry," the Major replied, "that I kept you so long. And, by the way, Abbot, you needn't keep all the light blazing."

"But, sir," Abbot began to expostulate. "I have told you," said Major Chris, in a strong and distinct tone, "that there is no longer any need for anxiety. Turn your lights down, Abbot, and get to your bed. But wait! You can make me a fire here first!" Then he thanked them all, and bade them goodnight, but kept Budgett.

"One moment, Budgett. Did Guymer show up?" he asked quietly.

Continued in the last column

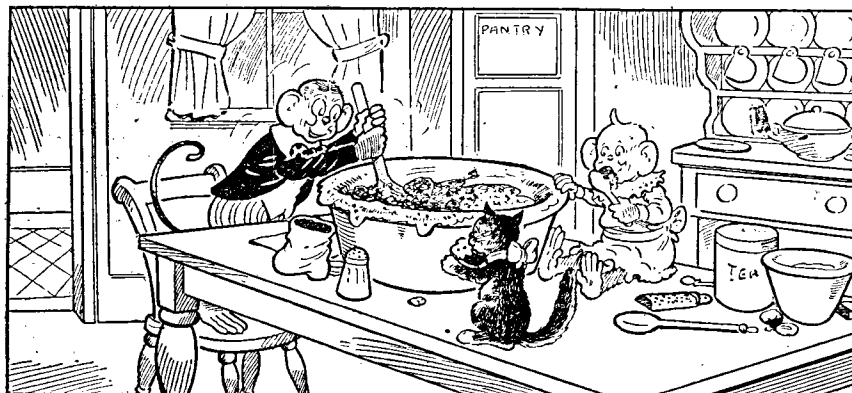
JACKO STIRS THE PUDDING

THERE WAS NO one who loved Christmas-time more than Jacko. It was not only the good things to eat, and the presents and the gay shops, but the fun of preparing for it all.

When Mother Jacko brought down the great mixing bowl one morning and set it on the kitchen table Jacko grinned. He knew what that meant.

"Christmas pudding," he remarked cheerily. "When will it be ready for me to stir, Mater?" he asked.

"Not for a long time yet," said Mother Jacko. "Now you run off."



The cat made quite a good meal

Jacko went, but only into the garden, for he wouldn't have missed his stir for the world.

Long before he expected it his mother called him in again.

"The grocer had forgotten the candied peel," she said. "I'm just going across to give him a bit of my mind. I want you to keep your eye on Baby till I come back."

Jacko nodded. "Come on, Babs!" he called out. "Like to have a stir?"

Baby would—and did. But he liked tasting better. And so did the cat, who jumped up on the table and made quite a good meal while Jacko was busy with the big spoon.

Suddenly that young gentleman's eye fell on a small paper bag.

"Here's the peel!" he exclaimed.

But it wasn't. It was a parcel of hyacinth bulbs.

Jacko's eyes began to glisten. He lifted the bag, tipped the bulbs into the basin, stirred them well in out of sight, and ran out of the house.

That pudding when it came to table on Christmas Day caused a sensation. Thimbles, sixpences, even china dolls, have been found in many a Christmas pudding; but four upstanding hyacinths, blooming proudly in the place where the modest sprig of holly generally sits, was something to boast about.

The family did boast of it, you may be sure. And though his father said that Jacko deserved a caning somehow the young rascal never got it.

"I didn't notice him, sir. But it's black as pitch on the moor."

"I suppose so. Good-night, then."

So Budgett followed the rest, but Peter lingered—and wondered. Why had his companion affirmed with such emphasis that there was no longer need for anxiety? Why had he impressed that so on the servants? Did he actually feel easy in his own mind?

One glance at Major Chris sent that last question flying. Now that the men had gone his face had lost its composure. And, catching Peter's eye, his own became graver.

"Yes, I know what you're thinking, Peter," he jerked. "But we have to keep our ends up, you and I. Whatever we do we mustn't alarm the servants, they are startled enough already; we must reassure them. So that's why I said what I did, Peter. You understand? Uneasy minds start tongues wagging. Their tongues mustn't wag."

"You think something's happened?" Peter said, under his breath.

"Peter, I'm afraid," said the tired voice. "Did you mark Mrs. Grevel's alarm just before she went up? Peter, I'm afraid—for her."

"Oh, can't we do something?"

"No. There's nothing to do now but wait and see what the morning brings," said Major Chris. Then his hand went to Peter's arm. "Go to bed now," he bade. "In the morning we won't be such cowards, you and I, Peter."

"You're not a coward, Major Chris," Peter said fiercely. And went up to bed.

But how could he sleep? His window was straight above the door in the hall, and there he stood a long time after undressing, watching the drive, watching the branches as they moaned and waved in the wind. He heard three o'clock strike from below, the chimes faintly ascending. He tried to sleep, but the four strokes found him wide-eyed still. So he pondered. Should he creep down again to the hall and see if Major Chris would let him stay there till morning?

Or perhaps Colonel Grevel had slipped in without being heard.

He waited a few minutes longer, then drew on his socks, snatched his dressing-gown, and went noiselessly into the corridor.

TO BE CONTINUED

The 'C.N.' Christmastide Appeals for the Kiddies!

A Queen's Pet Charity

QUEEN ALEXANDRA, right up to the time of her lamented death, used to refer to this Institution as "MY PET CHARITY." Her Majesty's interest in its welfare and progress was keen and constant.

*Will you help, will you ask
your parents and friends to
help, with a gift to its funds ?*

The Institution is for middle class people only—for men and women of education and refinement incapacitated by Incurable disease, who have lost their all in efforts to regain health and retain their cherished independence. There are 103 patients in the Home. 311 pensioners each receive £26 a year.

Gifts should be addressed to Mr. EDGAR PENMAN, Secretary (temporary office address during rebuilding), 90 & 91, QUEEN STREET, LONDON, E.C.4.

British Home and Hospital for Incurables
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What Do You Do With Your C.N.?

What happens to your copy of the C.N. when you have finished with it? Perhaps you send it to friends overseas; but, if not, please remember the thousands of children in hospitals, orphanages, or at mission schools who never see the paper. Let them share your pleasure in it by sending your copy when finished with to some such institution.

The Spirit of Christmas.

The Joy of Giving.

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Over 28,000 poor boys and girls have been given a chance in life and have been trained to become good and useful sons and daughters of the Empire. 10,000 boys have been sent to the Royal Navy and Mercantile Marine.

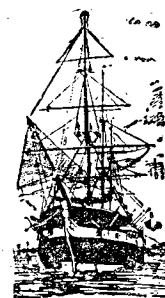
WILL YOU SEND A CHRISTMAS GIFT
towards the upkeep of our family of 1,100 children?

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"Can me and my bruvver
come in?" The Tragedy of
Hoxton Market.
(See Description of the late
Harold Begbie in "Day that
Changed the World.")

"The dog is paid for,"

was the strange message on the outside of a letter just to hand. Inside was 5s. with the words, "this was save for the dog but you can have it." Some kind-hearted boy or girl had sent it in response to the Rev. T. Wellard's stirring broadcast appeal on Armistice Eve, on behalf of the Children's Aid Society. He pleaded for help for little children who had no happy homes or loving parents. The Children's Aid Society cares for hundreds of them every year, and is in need of £12,000.

WON'T YOU HELP?

What about a collection on
Christmas day at the dinner table?

F. James (Secretary),
—Victoria House,
117, Victoria St., S.W.1



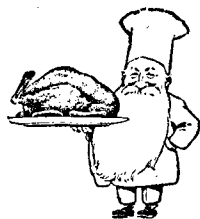
FOR WHAT WE ARE ABOUT TO RECEIVE

may we be truly
thankful and mindful
of the needs of others.

WHEN you say your Grace on Christmas Day, before you start dinner, will you give all present an opportunity to contribute to the fund which will provide 370 fatherless children at the Alexandra Orphanage with their Christmas extras? These orphan boys and girls have come from all parts of the country and are being cared for and educated to be useful citizens. £10,000 needed each year above assured income. Your Christmas will be all the happier for having helped them.

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Arthur Mee's Message

TO EVERY FRIEND OF THE C.N.

The knock is for ever at the door of the kindly heart in these days; but still it is true that there is no joy like the joy of giving.

Like the quality of mercy, it blesses him that gives and him that takes. It is the greatest of all our human virtues. It never fails to make the world a little better, a little happier, a little nearer the fulfilling of our dreams.

Now, when you are giving, will you think of those good causes that are always needing a friendly hand? Every one of them brings succour to somebody every hour that goes.

If you have a prayer to spare it would be something, but if you have a pound it will be an answer to some prayer already offered that they might be blessed this Christmastide with means to sow far and wide the seeds of their charity.

ARTHUR MEE

DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES



Will you help this Barnardo Baby
and his 7,999 brothers and sisters?

8,000 Children being supported.

10/-

will feed one child for ten
days at the Christmas season.

Please be Santa Claus to a
destitute little one this
Christmas.

Cheques and Orders payable "Dr.
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Stepney Causeway, London, E.1.

President:
H. R. H. The Duke of York.

THE EVER OPEN DOOR FOR
THE POOR AND FRIENDLESS.

Committee of
**THE QUEEN'S HOSPITAL
FOR CHILDREN**

Hackney Road, London, E.2

gratefully acknowledge many gifts toward the cost of keeping the door open.

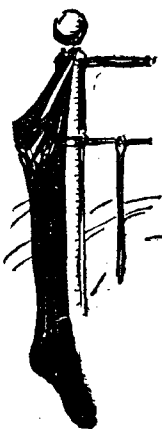
£7500 still needed by December 31.

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have been tenderly nursed and treated since the Hospital was started 62 years ago.

Cheques, etc., payable to the Hospital, crossed "Barclay's Bank a/c of Payee,"
should be sent to the Chairman, COLONEL LORD WILLIAM CECIL, C.V.O.,
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The Empty Stocking



TO many little ones, life is like that—a sad
disappointment. They cry in vain for
the love and protection which is their right.

The N.S.P.C.C.

befriends neglected and ill-treated little
children, securing for them justice, care
and a fair chance in life.

HAVE YOU EVER HELPED this National Work?

SEND A CHRISTMAS GIFT TO-DAY to William J. Elliott,
Director, The National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to
Children, Victory House, Leicester Square, London, W.C.



TENS OF THOUSANDS OF POOR AND CRIPPLED
CHILDREN IN LONDON SLUMLAND
REGARD THE

**SHAFTESBURY SOCIETY
AND RAGGED SCHOOL UNION, 1844**

AS THEIR

"FATHER CHRISTMAS"

DON'T DISAPPOINT THEM! PLEASE SEND

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Cheques, Postal Orders and Goods should be addressed to ARTHUR BLACK.
General Secretary: JOHN KIRK HOUSE, 32, JOHN STREET, LONDON, W.C.1.

The Children's Newspaper will be delivered every week at any house in the world for 11s. a year. See below.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

December 21, 1929

Every Thursday, 2d.

Arthur Mee's Monthly, My Magazine, will be delivered anywhere in the world for 14s. 6d. a year (Canada 14s.)

THE BRAN TUB

A Christmas Dinner Problem
A CHARITABLE society had collected sufficient money to give a certain number of poor children a Christmas dinner.

If they had obtained another £5 they could have given dinners to half as many again, but if they had collected £2 less they would only have been able to provide enough for 80 children.

How many children were there, and how much did each dinner cost?

Answer next week

Wild Flowers of the Week

The Red Dead Nettle

THE leaves of the dead nettle so closely resemble those of the stinging nettle that many



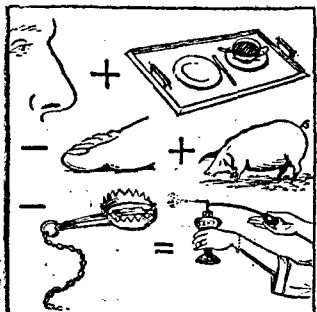
people are afraid to handle the plant, but the green flowers in spiked clusters of the stinging nettle are different enough to distinguish the one plant from the other. Red dead nettle is quite common by English waysides and the red flowers grow in crowded

whorls. In some parts it is called deafnettle and in others blind nettle.

Do You Live at Aberdare?

ABER is a Welsh word meaning the confluence, and Dare is from the River Dar, which is here joined by the River Cynon. Aberdare is therefore the place where the confluence of the Cynon and Dar is found. Dar means oak and no doubt the river was so named from some prominent oak tree which grew on its banks.

A Word Sum



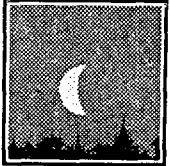
WHEN the letters of the words represented here have been added and subtracted the remaining letters, arranged in the right order, will spell the word shown by the last picture.

Answer next week

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the evening the planet Jupiter

is in the South-East and Uranus is in the South. No planets are visible in the morning. Our picture shows the Moon as it may be seen looking South at 8 a.m. on December 25.



Reversed Acrostic

THE initial letters of the words indicated by the clues given below form the name of certain things which are a very popular Christmas feature. The final letters form the same word reversed. Can you find the word?

Squeeze. Withdraw. A number. Method of attacking a fortification. Too much. Not any. Tall building. Having a cutting edge.

Answer next week

Ici On Parle Français



Un bracelet. Un boulanger. Une bannière. Elle a un bracelet porte-bonheur. Le boulanger met le pain au four. Le plus sage portera la bannière.

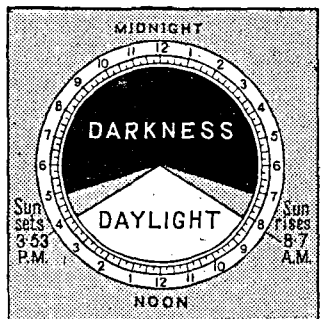
Found in the Stocking

WHEN Tommy woke up one Christmas morning he found a number of interesting things in his stocking. In the list given below the letters in their names have been jumbled. What were they?

SGRTIKCSAU
TSSEWE
OSYT
CYNAD
KFENI
INECPLSGEA
NTSU
GNAROE

Answer next week

Day and Night Chart



Darkness, twilight, and daylight in the middle of next week. December 22 is the shortest day.

The Speed of a Railway Train

THE Great Western locomotive City of Truro attained the greatest speed for a railway train in Great Britain in 1904 when it achieved a pace of 102 miles an hour while descending an incline. On the same occasion it covered the 73 miles between Swindon and London at an average speed of 80 miles an hour. The Americans claim to hold the record with a speed of 120 miles an hour. On long-distance journeys average speeds of from 55 to 60 miles an hour are commonly attained.

Next Week's Nature Calendar

CHAFFINCHES are now collecting in numbers. The robin sings carols in the garden and comes to windows for food. The ermine or stoat in the North of Britain has changed its coat to white. Here and there a spike of red dead nettle is found blooming.

Those Who Come and Those Who Go

HOW many people are born in your town and how many die? Here are the figures for four weeks in 12 towns. The four weeks up to November 23, 1929, are compared with the corresponding weeks last year.

TOWN	1929	1928	1929	1928
London	5297	5585	4073	3715
Glasgow	1565	1726	1084	1122
Birmingham	1256	1303	808	742
Manchester	1006	996	801	686
Dublin	715	702	445	467
Sheffield	626	670	437	397
Edinburgh	516	536	460	447
Bristol	499	495	336	317
Hull	466	420	264	254
Swansea	220	210	132	140
Norwich	164	161	90	90
Brighton	151	162	121	96

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

Unloading a Lorry. A ton. What Am I? Drawing. The C.N. Cross Word Puzzle.

REPTILE LOAFING
PHONE DIVORCE
ERA DEBACLE ARA
DASH TRUS STAR
STEEL OUT OPENS
E AEROPLANE T
ALSTOIC EDENS I
MOSS PHOTO TOWN

Who Was He?

The Man of Melody was Sir Arthur Sullivan.

Dr. MERRYMAN

Breaking It Gently

JACK: You are a lucky man, Father.

Father: How so, my boy?

Jack: Why, you won't have to buy any school books for me next year. I'm to stay in the same form.

A Lasting Cure

THE old man was drinking some medicine when a visitor looked in.

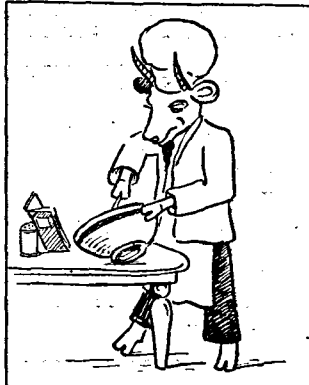
"What is that medicine?" he was asked.

"Oh, it's an old family recipe for rheumatism," he replied.

"Is that so?" queried the visitor, eagerly. "I suffer with rheumatism. Does the medicine do you good?"

"I should say so; why, I've taken none but this for the last forty years."

What They Would rather Be



The Goat

THE Goat that chews the grass On the roadside as you pass Has a melancholy look within his eyes;

He pines to be a cook And from a little book Make wondrous Christmas puddings and mince pies.

Patience is a Virtue

THE restaurant was not noted for the rapidity of its service. "Has your order been taken, sir?" asked the proprietor of a man whose face seemed familiar. "Yes," said the would-be customer, resignedly. "And so was my photograph when I was a child."

Cat Burglars Beware

CIRCUS OWNER: And don't forget that it's the height of foolishness to leave the door of the cage open.

Newly - Engaged Trainer: Why; do you, think somebody will steal your lion?



TIP-TOP QUALITY TOFFEE

Sharp's Super-Kreem Toffee started at the top of the toffee class and has remained there ever since. Always gains full marks for purity and excellence of flavour. Everyone likes it, for everyone likes the best that money can buy.

6^p PER 1/4 lb.

From all confectioners, either by weight or in dainty containers.

Also covered in plain and milk chocolate at same price. E. Sharp & Sons, Ltd., Maidstone.



For your throat

The 'Allenburys' Glycerine and Black Currant Pastilles are manufactured from pure glycerine and the fresh juice of choice ripe black currants by a special process which conserves the full value and flavour of the fruit. They have a demulcent and mildly astringent effect, most useful in allaying simple irritations of the throat. They dissolve slowly and uniformly, and have a delicious, slightly acidulous flavour which is most refreshing.

Allenburys
Glycerine & Black Currant **PASTILLES**
Your Chemist sells them
8^p & 1^s 3 Per Box.

FIVE-MINUTE STORY

THE battle of Culloden had ended in utter defeat, and the Prince was a fugitive.

English soldiers hunted the hills and searched dwellings for men or hidden firearms. There came one day to the little croft of the Macdonnells, at the head of the glen, a young English officer and five men. Ian and Mary were alone, their mother was working in the field.

Lieutenant Page looked round the poor little place and at the two children, dumb with fear. "Where is your father?" he asked sharply. "We think he was killed," said Mary slowly, in the English she had learned from the minister.

"You think?" ejaculated Page. Then his eyes rested

on the press bed completely filling a recess. At its foot was a wide niche in the wall which appeared to be stuffed with hay.

It flashed into his mind that something might be hid there. He stepped forward and snatched away the hay, then, jerking up his coat sleeve to give his arm greater freedom, he thrust his hand into the space, only to withdraw it instantly with a violent exclamation of pain and anger.

Hand and arm had plunged straight into a cauldron of boiling porridge.

Mary Macdonnell sprang forward in dismay, and a moment later was wiping off the scalding stuff with an air of motherly concern. She cried out something in Gaelic

to her brother, and when he made no response repeated her words sharply.

Then he moved slowly to a cupboard and brought out a meal barrel and some fat.

Mary deftly covered the scalded limb, then dived under the press bed and brought out an old garment. Tearing off strips she bound up the man's arm.

"Indeed, sir, we are very sorry," she said. "My mother put the porridge there to keep it hot."

Lieutenant Page looked at the little girl and his stern face relaxed. A sharp order to his soldiers and they wheeled round and left the cottage. "Thank you, my little maid," said he, laying his bandaged hand on her

THE PORRIDGE POT

flaxen hair. Then he turned and marched after his men.

Ten minutes later Mrs. Macdonnell, white-faced, rushed into the cottage. She saw the empty niche, the spilt porridge, and her hand flew to her throat.

"The soldiers! They have been here?" she gasped.

Ian, no longer dumb, explained what had happened.

Mrs. Macdonnell sank into the rocking-chair, and in a hoarse whisper she said, "Your father—he came last night—wounded."

"Where is father?" asked Ian. "He could not get in there," pointing to the niche.

Mrs. Macdonnell smiled faintly. "He lies hid in the rafters. Had they searched they would have found him."